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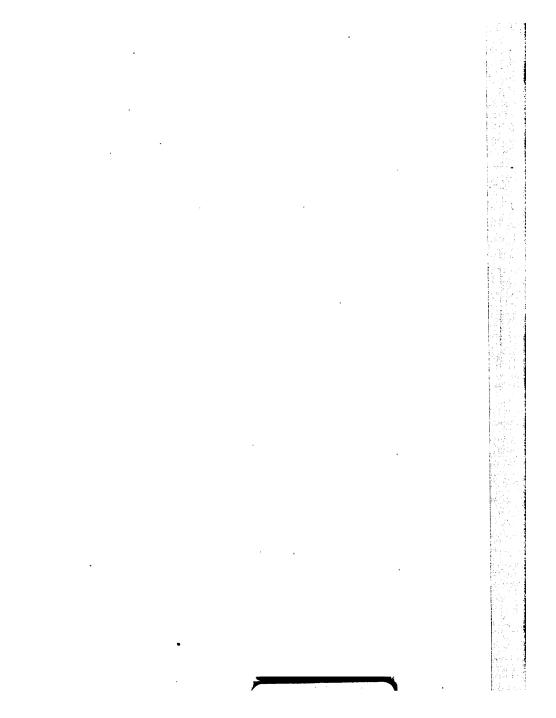
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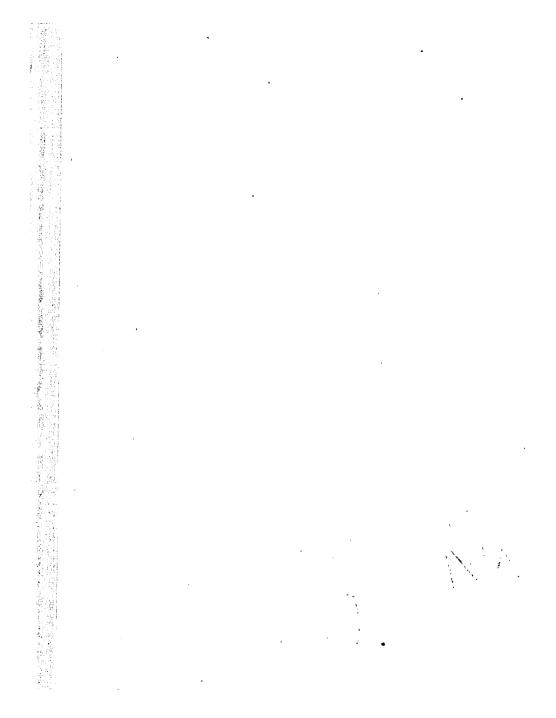
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The Journalist

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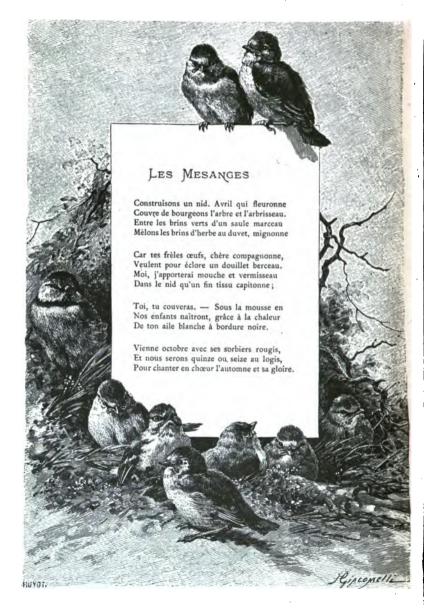
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1. Journalism.



The Journalist.

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PICTORIAL SOUVENIR

ISSUED ON THE COMPLETION OF ITS THIRD YEAR OF CONTINUOUS PUBLICATION.

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NEW YORK
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PREFACE.

This volume, unique in conception and finish, was originally intended as a "Birthday" offering. Its publication has been delayed about three months. From THE JOURNALIST'S first issue, March 22, 1884, I have been closely identified with its growth and progress. Its founders were Charles A. Byrne and Leander RICHARDSON, newspaper men of exceptional ability. Other names of prominence, at different times more or less associated with THE JOURNALIST and its fortunes, are J. C. FREUND, CHARLES J. SMITH, WILLIAM G. McLAUGHLIN, W. E. S. FALES, and HENRY CLAY LUKENS, the last gentleman having, for thirteen months, shared the editorial burden with me. To Mr. Lukens, the compiler of this "Souvenir," and to many other kind friends, I extend thanks, which are not compassed by mere words. It is unnecessary to here recount THE JOURNALIST'S struggles, or to glory in its successes; neither do I make wild promises for the future. Week by week the paper adds to its history and influence.

A. F.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., June 25, 1887.



THE CHANCES IN JOURNALISM.



MANY minds Journalism and Literature possess attractions, as a means of earning a livelihood, which are not offered by any other profession.

There is the fascinating atmosphere of Bohemia, of which so much is written and of which so little ex-

ists, and which, as it is described in stories and poems, seldom fails to charm the immature mind. Then there is the glamour of mystery which surrounds the average newspaper,—it is great, powerful, impersonal. The general public know less of newspaper work than of any other trade or profession, and this very lack of knowledge gives rise to a desire to become an integral part of that mysterious and powerful whole. But by far the strongest argument to many in favor of Journalism, as a profession, is that to all appearances it requires no previous or special training. Law, Medicine, and the Pulpit, each demand three or four years of hard work in special schools, in addition to the full college course, while Journalism needs but a sheet of paper and a stub pencil, and the applicant is ready to take the editorial chair. The duties, too, are easy. The lawyer has to pass his examinations, and then wait for his clients: he must read dusty law books and write speeches to deliver in court. The doctor, also, has his examinations to pass, and must be ready day and night to answer the call of his patients. But the editor has no examinations, no awkward questions are asked concerning his knowledge or ability,—all he has to do is to write a few articles, and the rest of his time is spent in enjoying himself. He has the entrée to the theaters, he has free passes on the railroads, he knows everybody worth knowing, and he receives a liberal compensation from the profits of the paper; for all the papers make fabulous profits—we have their own statements as to that.

This may seem overdrawn, but I am convinced that there are hundreds of young men, now trying to get a foothold in journalism, who reason in just that way. Every day I receive letters which carry this undercurrent all through them,—letters which are faulty in spelling, villainous in grammar, and absolutely barren of originality, either in thought or expression. "Can you get me a position as editor on a good daily paper?" is a question so often asked by young men with no experience that it has ceased to sound absurd, and only shows that there is a large class of people in this world so ignorant as to suppose that they can each secure employment for the asking.

· By many young men a college diploma is regarded as a certain passport to an editorial position, and especially is this the case if the applicant has been on the "editorial board" of one of the college papers. I am not one of those who decry college men in Journalism. I have yet to see the journalist who knows too much, but it is a melancholy fact that the average college editor has to unlearn more than other aspirants for newspaper honors. The amateur methods of college journalism cannot be adapted to genuine newspaper work, they must be thrown aside and the ex-college editor must begin over again if he hopes to succeed in active Journalism. The trouble is, I fancy, that young writers are apt to devote too much time to books and too little to Mss. A humorous poet has aptly said, "A man who runs a paper must know every human caper," and this is a knowledge which cannot be acquired by reading alone. Journalism requires more natural aptitude than any other of the liberal professions, and there are no schools which can fit students for it by any system of special training. It must be learned by practice, by the study of men and methods, by careful and persistent exercise of all the mental faculties until they are thoroughly under control, like the muscles of a trained athlete. An agile mentality is the first requisite of a good journalist. He must keep thoroughly abreast with the times, and above all he must be able to originate ideas. Journalism is full of men who have a certain facility for writing, who never by any chance say anything in what they write, and whose thoughts are as lifeless and as well clothed as a tailor's dummy. It is this class of journalists who are constantly decrying the profession. "The slavery of the pen," "coining the brain into bread," is the burden of their wail. They place their own work alongside that of some more successful man, and they rail at the injustice of editors; their grammar is less faulty, their sentences are more gracefully turned, the mechanical construction of their work is better, and they fail to see that their idea is an old one masquerading in new clothes. It is not their brains, but the rules of rhetoric, that they are trying to coin into bread, and they wonder that they are not successful. They belong to the vast army of mediocre men who, no doubt, would shine in some other pursuit (for it is hard to believe that a man is created who has no place in the world), but who certainly do not belong in journalism. It is this class which stands like a wall between the beginner and the top, where, according to Mr. Webster, there is plenty of room. They can't get to the top themselves, and they occupy a middle position on the ladder where it is difficult to pass them.

It is true that to men of this stamp, who have no real love for the work, Journalism is drudgery, and it is not wonderful that they feel that there is no chance for a man in newspaper work. They point to the miserable salaries paid, and the constant cutting down of column prices, and the figures apparently substantiate their arguments; but it is only apparently. The fact is that good men are making more money than ever before. The papers are enabled, through syndicate arrangements and plate-matter concerns, to place before their readers a much better class of literature, and they have educated the public up to seeing the difference between good and bad work. Under such circumstances, incompetent men are dear at any price. The chances in Journalism were never better than they are to-day, but the requirements are higher and the work more exacting. Journalism has passed out of its transition stage and is growing more and more into a profession, a profession so complicated that it takes years to master even a single branch. The people are becoming more particular as to what they read, and papers vie with each other in presenting the best. Slipshod work is no longer tolerated in the larger offices. Bohemianism in its worst sense, which was synonymous with chronic inebriety, is dying out, and altogether there is a healthier tone in the profession. What the newspapers most need now is men with ideas, and such men they are willing to pay liberally; but even men with ideas must have some training in order to put them into available shape. The

chances are better than ever for men of originality, and are daily growing beautifully less for the incapable or those who expect to attain an editorial position in one bound.

It is surprising how many of these there are, and how many write in a helpless tone, asking, "How can I get a position on a paper?" The answer is the same in all cases, "Write!" Go deliberately to work and select the paper you would like to be connected with, and then write something you think would be suitable and send it to the editor. Don't be afraid he will not read it, for he will. Do him the honor of looking over his paper and see the kind of matter he wants. He has studied the tastes of his readers more closely than you have, and he knows better what they want. If you don't know what to write about, don't write: better go to selling ribbon or hoeing corn. A man without a subject is of no use in a newspaper office. After you have had one or two articles taken is time enough to apply for a position. Though genius to madness is close allied, the average editor is not usually so foolish as to purchase talent "unsought, unseen." Do not turn up your nose at a reportorial position,—it gives you an opportunity to learn something about newspaper work, and you have just as good an opportunity to distinguish yourself as if you were an editorial writer or a dramatic critic. If you have the ability in you, you will get there. It is safe to assert that eight out of every ten young men who turn toward journalism as a life work want to be either editors, dramatic critics, or book reviewers, positions which require the maturest judgment. special talent, and close study. Above all, do not go into Journalism unless you feel that you must write. Do not go into a newspaper office with an idea that the work is easy, for it is not, unless you love it so well that your enthusiasm for it will lighten the drudgery. It is the most exacting profession in the world; it requires all a man's thoughts, all his time, all his energy, and it offers a comfortable living only to those who devote themselves to it body and soul. There is no future of wealth for a working journalist to look forward to unless he starts his own paper. Salaries are good, but they do not compare with those in other professions. The largest newspaper salary paid in this country is twelve thousand dollars a year, and the average for experienced workers in responsible positions is three thousand. The young man who is looking for money would do better to adopt some profession other than Journalism; as a newspaper man he must make up for the lack of cash by the pleasure he has in his work.

From a purely pecuniary stand-point, literature, or bock and magazine writing, is, if possible, less promising than newspaper work. For a young writer to devote himself to purely literary work is little better than suicide. The literary market is overstocked, and while an occasional magazine article or book may turn in a very acceptable odd fifty or hundred dollars to one not dependent upon such work for bread and butter, as a sole means of support it is certain only in its non-success.

I have no wish to discourage young men desirous of entering Journalism as a life work. In my position as Editor of The Journalism, I come in contact with hundreds of such every month. I only want them to go in with their eyes open, seeing what is before them. I want them to be certain that they are fitted for the work. If they are not, they cannot succeed, and we have too many unsuccessful men in the profession already.

Originality, ideas, a willingness to work, adaptabilty of character, quickness to thought and readiness of execution are the requisites of a good newspaper man, and with these a young man has as good a chance in Journalism as in any other profession; without them he had better go to hoeing corn rather than attempt to obtain an editorial position which he cannot possibly fill.

ALLAN FORMAN.



A MESSAGE.



SEND to the singers that dwell oversea
A song of the songs of the birds of the west;
For their music once came in its fullness to me,
Amid iris and beauty of splendor and crest,
For relief and for rest.

In the homeland of birth, in the islands I love,
We listen to trills of the blackbird and thrush;
Through the woodland there echoes the coo of the dove,
While the linnet and wren pipe from hedgerow and bush,
And the lark leaps to gush.

Here the oriole bright-tinted calls to his mate,
And the song-sparrow varies his musical note;
Here the rose-breasted grosbeak sings early and late,
With a resonant throb of his full-swelling throat,
Amid closes remote.

Here the cedar-birds chatter, the catbirds respond, And the bobolinks come with concerted refrain; Now the golden swamp-warbler from lagoons beyond, Will answer the kingfisher's weird strident strain, And the robins remain.

We have birds that can sing in this land of the west, In this changeful and beautiful land oversea; And I would that my voice had the fervor and zest, To utter the songs that are throbbing through me, And with bird-songs agree!

JOHN MORAN.

MY STORY.

T WILL be needless to identify myself, further than to say that I am well known to newspaper readers, who, as I assume in all my journalistic work a masculine style, suppose me to be a man.

I have never had a friend nor a relative for whom I felt any affection. Once only, in the twenty-seven years of my life, have I loved.

Of my parents I know nothing. I was reared by a detestable old man who forced me to study subjects which I abhor.

I can remember little about my childhood, except that I was never happy. We lived, until I was fifteen years old, in a farmhouse where visitors never came; then we rented two rooms in a boarding-house in the city.

The room opposite mine was occupied by a young man, a journalist, as I soon learned, who went out at irregular intervals and was often absent for several days.

I was left much alone with books, whose titles I dare not mention. The old man secluded himself, and only spoke to me when we went together to the dining-room. I was afraid of him. I had no money, I knew no one, and I was unwilling to devote myself to the books, which began to exercise upon me a morbid fascination.

The young man's room was just across the narrow hall, and his door was often ajar. I watched him as he wrote, studied his moods, and gradually grew to feel an almost personal interest in all his movements. I had lived an isolated, monotonous, purposeless life. Is it, then, strange that I envied him? I do not think that he was conscious of my espionage, for he never seemed to notice me.

He sat near me at table, and from the first I always listened to everything he said. One day the old man was absent (he often left his room at day-break), and I went to breakfast alone. He spoke to me, and I replied. What we said I do not now remember, but it

was something trivial and nonsensical, and, for the first time in my recollection, I laughed.

I returned to my room with the lightest heart I had ever known; but, when I tried to read, the old man's books seemed more abominable than ever. I began to wish that I had some work to do, and I asked for money to buy paper and a pen; but the old man bade me keep to my books.

He chanced to overhear us. He was walking in the corridor, as was his habit when he wished to think, and, when I came out of the old man's room, he met me.

"So you want something to do?" he said, with a smile.

"Yes," I answered; "I am tired of books-of such books."

"How would you like to copy a manuscript for me?"

I replied that I would be glad to do anything to earn a little money of my own.

We spoke in whispers, so the old man would not hear; and I waited at his door while he gave me a bulky-manuscript to copy.

"I have no pen," I said. He carried ink and paper and pens into my room and placed them upon the window ledge; and then, after instructing me how to copy, he went away.

It was Chapter III of a fantastic story. As I wrote, I forgot everything else. I had never read a romance. Perhaps the work possessed little literary merit, but it seemed marvelous to me. I wrote till the room grew dark. Sitting close to my window in the twilight, I read what I had copied. The old man called me to light his lamp, and I hid my manuscript under the rug. It was hard to sit and study all the evening, when I was so eager to continue my work; but I recalled every word that I had written, and the sentences repeated themselves until they seemed to have emanated from my own brain.

I awoke at day-break, and before breakfast I had copied many pages. About eleven o'clock I heard a light knock on my door.

"How are you progressing?" he asked; and I showed him the part I had completed. He looked it over, selecting favorite paragraphs now and then to read aloud.

"Let me see my manuscripts," he demanded abruptly. I was afraid I had made some absurd mistake: but he compared it care-

fully with my copy, and I was relieved to find that he did not seem displeased.

"It is improved," he declared, after a moment's thought. "I am grateful to you."

When he had gone, I, too, made a comparison, and found, to my perplexity, that I had made innumerable alterations in the text. As he approved them, I let them remain; but I resolved to be more careful in the future.

He brought me, each day, an almost illegible manuscript, but I seemed to decipher it without difficulty. It became my practice to first read the day's instalment and afterward to write from memory; the words seemed to transcribe themselves.

In a month the story was copied. He paid me, as I thought, liberally for my work; and I took the money gladly and spent a part of it for writing materials.

Twice, when the old man was away, we took long walks about the city streets. He told me of his work, and promised to use his influence for me whenever I should have anything ready for publication.

I went to work then, hoping to divorce myself from the books. I was afraid to stop reading them, for the old man often questioned me; but I wrote every day as long as I dared.

What did I write? I can not remember now; it must have been something tainted and unnatural. When it was done, I gave it to him—and in a short time he brought me more money than I had ever seen.

"You look ill," he said kindly. "You must not work so hard. I will bring you something to divert you—something to read; and when you are rested, if you like, you may copy it for me."

At the end of a week I felt strong again. When I began to copy, my pen seemed to move of its own volition. There was no sense of effort; I never grew tired. I took a keen delight in the work, and felt as if the story were my own composition. As before, he thanked me for having greatly improved upon the original. When I told him candidly that I had no intention of making any alteration, he only smiled incredulously and thanked me again. When he offered me money, I refused to accept it. I was glad to

be of service to him. I think, as I look back, that I must have loved him then.

The old man isolated himself more and more, and ordered his meals sent to his room. Once I did not see him for a week; but I could hear him at night, talking aloud and moving about in his room. The change in his appearance appalled me. I fancied that he was beginning to be afraid of himself.

I was left, thus, entirely to my own devices, and I had no ideas of propriety, no forebodings of evil to restrain me. He and I took long walks in the parks and along the quaint back streets, and at his suggestion I "wrote up" what we saw. I was gay and careless, and ignorant of wickedness; I loved him (though I hardly knew it), and I thought of no one else. In an unguarded moment I spoke of the old man's books. He stared at me in bewilderment.

"What have you to do," he asked, "with such unnatural studies? Such subjects should interest only depraved men; they are unfit for young and pretty girls. What do you mean?"

No doubt my morbid fancies were odious to him, as they had become to me. Still I could not rid myself of them. They clung hideously to me. When I was happiest, when we were together, they forced themselves upon me. When I was alone, they never left me. They defiled everything I wrote, they tarnished my brightest thoughts, and I believe they deprived me of his love.

When I had known him a year, the old man died. I did not care.—indeed I think I was glad.

"What will you do now?" he asked. "Have you no friends?" I answered gladly, "I have not a friend in the world but you."

He did not reply.

To relate what followed is a difficult task; for I became so enraged, so wild with grief, that even now, after nine years, I find myself scarcely able to write.

I only know that I was attacked by a contagious fever, and, when my strength had returned, he had disappeared, taking with him everything that I had written, even a half-finished tale!

I despised his treachery, more than if he had stolen my purse. A hatred possessed me. I was impelled to seek him. I knew what papers employed him, and I watched for him night and day.

I wrote barely enough to pay for food. My dresses were torn, I had no gloves; but I cared only to find him. It is true that sometimes I was weak enough to feel that if he would but come back, repentant of his treachery, I could forgive; but oftener I thought of him with hate.

At last, forced to buy clothing, I went to the editor of a journal which had often published my contributions.

"I must have work," I said. "Give me something to do."

He promised to send some books to be reviewed, and I returned to my room. An hour later the books came.

As if by intuition, I selected one from the number. It was my own story! I had written it, inspired by love of him, encouraged by his praise—and yet his name, and not mine, was printed on the title-page! Now indeed I understood. He had not hesitated to steal, nor had he scrupled to gain a reputation through treason to the woman—the foolish child who loved him!

Not until then did I think of revenge. I sat still all that night, planning and thinking. Once, before the light went out, I saw my face in the mirror, and it reminded me of the old man's repulsive countenance. If he had seen me then, he would not have called me "pretty." The thought made me laugh. I remembered all the tender words to which I had so gladly listened. I thought of murder. I wanted to kill him and cut out his traitorous tongue; but he would not suffer enough from that. His face—I had thought it beautiful!—came before me as I had seen it last—smiling and flushed with health. I imagined it ghastly and stiff.

I thought of everything—everything! I even prayed God to help me devise some awful vengeance.

When morning came, I searched with frantic eagerness among the old man's books, and in one of his favorite volumes, in a passage marked by his own hand, I found suggested my mode of revenge.

I began my reviews, not taking time to eat, or sleep, or exercise. A factitious strength upheld me. My mind was clear. I shall never forget my sensations as I criticised my own book. I took a mad delight in speaking of him—oh, how I hated him !—as its author. I praised him cautiously, predicting for him a brilliant

future; I wrote impartially, carefully, critically; and yet I never for an instant forgot the book the old man had left for me.

When the reviews were finished, I went with them to the editor and asked to be paid at once. I suppose I looked poorly dressed or hungry, for he gave me money from his own purse; then I made inquiry for him. The editor told me that he had been South, in Florida, for months.

"You know," he added, "he is writing a book. His last one will make him famous. Do you know him?"

"Yes," I said. "In Florida!"

For some time I despaired. It would take years, perhaps longer than I could live, to earn enough money to follow him.

I went to every newspaper man in the city, seeking employment. I offered to write for almost nothing, telling them that my health was failing, and that I required a change of climate. I asked only to have my car-fare paid; but no one would send for me. Florida letters were not in demand, they said.

Determined to earn the money, I wrote constantly; but my ability seemed to have left me. My contributions were often rejected; my eyes failed; my strength was exhausted; even my mind gave way. I had but one thought—to find him.

Sometimes I lay for days, not asleep, but in a stupor; not dreaming, but indistinctly conscious of my purpose—to seek him. When animation returned, I would creep out into the air to spend grudgingly a few cents for food.

A year dragged by. I had had a long illness. My carefully hoarded money had been used. I was weaker, thinner than ever; but my purpose was strong.

His new book was announced, and with all the money I had left I bought a copy, to find, as I had expected, my own composition, very slightly changed. I was wild with helpless fury. I went to newspaper offices and denounced him! I claimed my work, and called him a thief. Men smiled and stared, and declared me insane.

During the year, I had worked, at rare intervals of intellectual activity, upon a romance suggested by my own mental condition. I now taxed every energy till it was completed. I

worked untiringly, furiously, and, when it was done, I sent it to an Eastern publishing house. After a long time, I received a congratulatory letter. It is useless to go into detail. I was supplied with money, though I stipulated that the publication should be indefinitely deferred; and I started at once for Florida.

I had learned where he was stopping, at a fashionable hotel. By a fortunate chance—or, was it chance?—I was enabled to secure a room directly opposite the suite he occupied with—his wife.

I saw her soon after my arrival—a young girl, slender and graceful, not quite beautiful, but with the dark eyes and glowing lips of a Southerner. I watched them together. How she loved him! How proud she was! How happy—as I would have been—to be his wife!

· That night I listened at their door. I heard him speak to her tenderly—I well remembered just such accents—and I listened to her reply. I pitied her, when I thought of what would soon befall her husband.

* * But the numbness crept about my heart and into my brain, and soon I scarcely seemed to exist. A darkness, irregularly streaked with luminous lines, shut out everything from my sight—everything except the face of his wife. It hovered near me, and smiled upon me, and floated about—now far, now near, until at last my loathing of it turned to love.

* * * * * Slowly the darkness became gray mist, and the luminous streaks faded into soft rays of sunlight; but the beloved face was still near. If for a moment it disappeared, I felt a weak unquietness; when it returned, I was at rest; when I became conscious of another presence in the room, it irritated and distressed me. The sound of voices grated like infernal discords.

A consciousness of my purpose returned, and I thought of it

continually; but, when I fancied him wretched in body and mind, I pitied her; when I imagined the torments he would endure, thoughts of her stifled pleasure and brought pain. I struggled to tell her about it; but she smiled gently, as though pitying my delirium, and drew her soft small hand across my lips.

Through my tiresome convalescence she cared for me with unremitting kindness, and often, when my horrid thoughts were fast crystallizing into a renewed determination, the sound of her voice, the sight of her sweet face, would dispel all evil, leaving me weak and purposeless again.

One day I heard him speak outside my door, and when his wife entered, a moment later, I covered my face to hide the hatred that had surged over me at the familiar sound. She thought me asleep, and I lay for hours, vacillating between yearnings for revenge, and gratitude and pity for her. If she had not loved him, it would have been so easy to follow the directions given in the old man's book; but to darken her life, when she had been kind to me—could I do that? My purpose would not be abandoned. It haunted me; and, as I grew stronger, the conflict became flercer, until I was so racked by eddying impulses that it seems strange that I could live at all.

At last a day came when I was permitted, leaning upon her shoulder, to cross my room. Soon I could walk alone. Her visits became shorter and less frequent, for she felt that she was no longer needed; and, in the intervals of her absence, my evil purpose grew stronger.

She came to me one evening, when I had been alone all day.

"Would you not like to meet my husband?" she asked, after inquiring about my health. "Surely you are strong enough now to see a little of the world. Shall I bring him when I come again?"

"Your husband!" I shrieked. "Your husband! I will-"

Something—perhaps the look of fright that paled her face—something silenced me; but I almost hated her for taunting me with her happiness and my desolation.

"Go away!" I said. "Go away! I am tired, and nervous, and weak. Leave me alone!"

When she had gone, I waited for the night to come. I waited, listening to the gay voices of the promenaders on the piazza below, while shadows filled my room. I waited till the voices were all hushed, and till quiet settled upon the hotel. Like a thief, then, I slunk away, fighting with temptation at every step. I left no word of gratitude for her; but, because she loved him, because he was her husband, I gave up my revenge.

AMY ELIZABETH LEIGH.

BLITHE HEARTS BUILD HOPES.

And sa

HE brought a jewel in her dimpled hand— Of pattern olden,

This locket golden—
And said: "Lo, thirty years our love hath spanned!
Twas on a hallowed day you gave it me,
A day when hearts built hopes, so merrily,
That I, your girlish bride, was happier far
Than choice of Emperor or mate of Czar."

II.

So fleetly time hath sped, yet she is here.

My hours are brighter,
And labors lighter,
Because one cherished voice is sweetest cheer.
Heaven bless my beauteous, patient, faithful wife,
Sharer and carer in the vanished life!
Flown all our fears; gay memories throng;
Hearts still build hopes, and love breathes song.

HENRY CLAY LUKENS.

A BIRTHDAY ODE.

TO A. S. C.

T.



UR Saxon fathers long ago,
When hill and holm were hid in snow,
And shivering stars watched out the dying year,
Sat through the darkness long
With flowing bowl and song
To greet the new-born sun with royal cheer.

II.

The Yule-logs flickered flame and spark;
The green boughs graced the arches old;
The hemlock, larch, and cedar bark
Poured forest-incense multifold:
The smoky torches chased the dark
In many a mazy zig-zag fold.
While hearty song and laughter rolled
Far outward to the neighboring wold
And upward to the stars.
And through the casements fell the moon
In spectral silver bars,
And all too soon
Did black night change to rosy gold.

III.

But times have changed. No more with wild carouse
Nor solemn song is hailed the new-born sun;
No longer unto star or sun our vows
Are said or worship done.

Our gods are growing dim and gray; Our faith is undermined away; We murmur where we once did pray. Man having conquered Nature, tries To seize the kingdom of the skies, And place upon Jehovah's throne Some dim abstraction of his own.

IV.

Alas for us! The ruddy sun Each turning year is young again; His race though run is never run; His awful splendors never wane. And we? We pass from health and youth To disappointment, care, and pain; We gain the baubles wealth and truth, When useless are both heart and brain. Our virtue vanishes in vice: Our tropics fill with arctic ice. Our hopes, ambitions, one by one, The only loves we ever won, Are lost or by ourselves undone, Till, like the wail of winter rain Our souls sing but one sad refrain, And wait the end that comes to all When fall the shadows and the pall.

v.

"If this is all," our souls outcry,
"If there is nothing but to die,
And life is naught but misery,
The anniversary of our birth
Upon this transitory earth
Should, having neither hope nor worth,
Be marked by sorrow and not mirth."

VI.

Upon the plains that wed the Nile With emerald harvests, once a pile By some forgotten master-hand In ancient years was reared. Long, long it lay a mass of stone ' Mid massive scaffolds strange and weird, Its use and meaning all unknown, A mystery to all the land. But one great day Before a monarch's vast array Of world-wide power and wild display The scaffold slid and fell apart,-The frame-work disappeared. And there in majesty upreared That miracle of human art, The mighty Pyramid!

VII.

More pregnant scaffolds far are we Than those of art and industry Which held the noblest works of fame. Our bodies are a wondrous frame Within which never-ceasing grow Great temples earth can never know, Nor mortal words proclaim. To die is but to strike apart The scaffold and to show revealed What ne'er again shall be concealed, The spirit fabric of the heart,—A soul without infirmity Made ready for eternity.

VIII.

Build thou thy scaffolds fair and wide! Build! full of conscious hope and pride.

THE JOURNALIST SOUVENIR.

Build upward, let what may betide!
Build for all future time.
Thy birthdays, whether drear or clear
The transient seasons may appear,
Shall then in each revolving year
Be sacred, joyous, and sublime.

IX.

Dear friend: I know not why my verse Has run to ethics, if not worse, In measures neither sweet nor terse. I should have sung in jingling ways The formal sterootypic praise. And compliments of now-a-days. You need no eulogy to prove Our admiration and our love; Our wishes that your days unseen Will be as glad as what have been. Our friendship, if it be of worth, Our paltry store of wit and mirth; And though the latter often bores, Please take them all,—for all are yours,

X.

And last, don't take these lines amiss, However halting, vague and wild, Like a fond mother o'er her child, Forsooth, resembling much in this,— A sermon, prayer, and then a kiss.

WILLIAM E. S. FALES.



THE HUMORIST'S WARD.

A SKETCH.



CMMAGING among some old papers, the other day, I came across a poem that had been clipped from a newspaper, which brought the tears to my eyes and sent my mind wandering back into the past among the shadows of memory. I remembered well enough when those verses had first been published in the columns of

The Tattler, and how pleased the author, Jim Hawkins, was, when he got a modest little check on Saturday, and a kind word from the cashier. Poor old Jim! I can see him now, trudging along Park Row. the most dismal figure among the many to be seen shuffling along that familiar thoroughfare at all hours of the day, -a hungry, weazened-up little man, who seemed always trying to sneak out of observation as if he had committed a crime, and who looked frightened if he was spoken to. In all the years I knew him he only had one suit of clothes, a cheap diagonal, that the wind and rain had striped and spotted and changed to a mouldy green color that was anything but picturesque, and his hat had been picked up cheap at a Chatham street Jew's and was quite in keeping with his costume. But how funny that lugubrious looking man could be when he sat down to write! I have got a scrap-book before me now that contains some of Hawkins' poems and sketches, and I only need to read over a few to rid myself of the severest case of melancholv.

Around the office in those days we used to wonder why it was that Hawkins was always so shabby, for he often made considerable money, yet never showed it at all in his dress; in fact, the more he made, the shabbier he became, it seemed.

We used to quiz him about spending all his money on an extravagant wife that he kept religiously out of sight,—hoping that he would be tempted to tell us something about himself; but he took all our jokes calmly, and, after turning in his copy to the editor,



• . .

would go quietly away, not to be seen again in Printing House Square until another week had rolled around.

One day, when I had been trying to be smart at Hawkins' expense, I noticed a tear tremble in his faded blue eye, and, growing suddenly ashamed of myself, I took his hand in mine and stammered out an apology. That was the beginning of a friendship that lasted three years, broken only by his death.

The first part of his story I had from his own lips, and I was present at the closing scene of his sad life.

Hawkins had loved a woman very dearly once, but she preferred to choose a life of misery with a scoundrel who had nothing to recommend him but a soft voice and a handsome face.

After he died, Hawkins came forward and sent her money to support herself and her little girl, and she was not too proud to accept alms from the man she had wronged, so humbled was she in the presence of his unselfish love.

He did not have to support the mother long. A year after her husband's death she had followed him to the grave, leaving her little girl in Hawkins' care, knowing well he would be faithful to the trust.

The little girl had grown into a slender, beautiful woman, when I first saw her in the pretty little flat in Brooklyn that Hawkins had fitted up for her. I knew where he spent all his money when I saw them together,—he in his shabby suit, and she in an elegant tea gown of soft creamy silk that hung in graceful folds about her lithe figure.

How the poor humorist worshiped that girl! I suppose she reminded him of the woman he had loved, for he would sit and watch her for hours, with such a happy, contented look in his dim old eyes, that his face seemed glorified.

I liked Jessie at first. Shall I confess that she even figured in some of my castle building? She was so lovely to look at that one could not feel quite angry with her, for her voice had such musical tones in it, and her eyes could plead with an eloquence there was no withstanding. But I soon found out how selfish and worldly she was, and that she cared for her poor old guardian only because he could minister to her pleasure and give her pretty things.

She never liked any one unless they could amuse her or benefit her, and only made friends to use them. She had a most confiding smile that had wrecked the happiness of half the young men in the neighborhood, and which she used alike on friend and foe if she felt in the mood. It was a smile that seemed to say "Now I am indeed happy in seeing you," and many were the slain. I don't believe she asked Hawkins why he was always so poorly clad while she had new gowns. She was too selfish to ask the why and wherefore, contented to take things as they came.

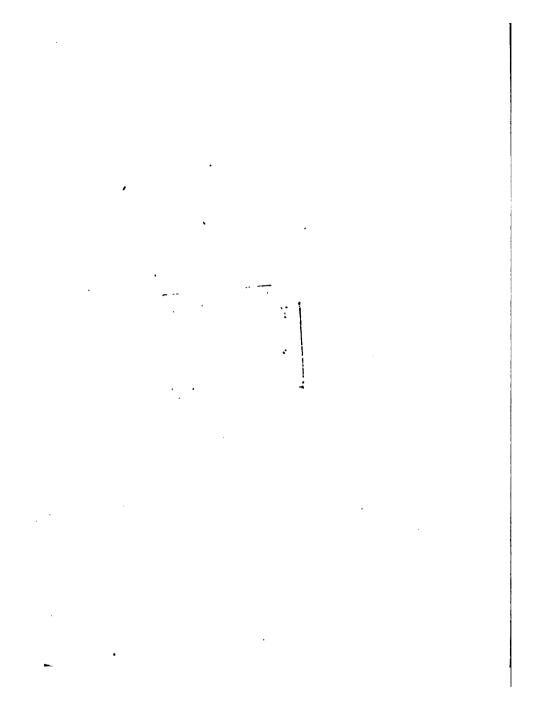
One day, after I had known Hawkins about three years, he came to me in great glee and told me that Jessie was to be married the next day. Of course I went, and was surprised at the elaborateness of the whole affair, which was conducted in a rather extravagant style. Hawkins told me in confidence that he had spent all his savings on the wedding, because he was going to live with them when they returned from their wedding tour and shouldn't need the money. But I somehow had my misgivings about Jessie's promises, knowing her true character so well.

She had made what might be called "a brilliant match." The man she had chosen was rich, of a placid, easy-going temperament, little brains, and in a tailor's-block way might be considered handsome,—in fact, an ideal husband for a silly little coquette whose only mission in life seemed to be to persuade a few men that she was in love with them, and win the admiration of the crowd.

They were certainly well suited to each other. We saw them off at the station, and I walked back with Hawkins through the misty night to the new and humbler lodgings he had taken. He seemed very saæ, though I did my best to cheer him up and comfort him. He had changed into a nervous, feeble old man, from that moment he had kissed Jessie good-bye and wished her godspeed.

I was so busy on the paper, after that night, that I had no chance to see poor Jim, but at last, as he did not send his copy in, I went in search of him. I found him stricken with a terrible fever, the result, no doubt, of that last walk he had with me on the wedding day. He did not even recognize me, as I entered his shabby little room and stood by his wretched little pine bed and





spoke to him. His face was flushed abnormally, and he tossed about on his straw mattrass murmuring incoherent words, and at times a bar of some Bohemian song would break from his lips, starting strange echoes through the crazy old house. Now and then, as I watched at his side, he would suddenly start half up in bed and his face would soften, and his eyes light up, and he would call gently "Jessie! Jessie!" while a smile glorified his poor worn features; and he would listen and listen, and shake his head sadly when he saw that she did not come, and soon fall back into muttering strange words and incoherent speeches. I searched all through the room, to see if the old man had any money to provide for his wants, but only found about a dollar in change in the pockets of his rusty old suit on the wall. I happened to have a few dollars with me, so I arranged with the landlady, who was a very untidy looking personage and smelt of gin, to look after Hawkins a little in case he should need help. I went back to New York and collected enough money from The Tattler's staff to pay the doctor's bill and relieve his immediate wants, and then wrote a letter to Jessie, who was then in Washington, asking her to come on, as Hawkins was dying.

After a long delay, a curt unfeeling letter reached me from her husband. He said it was practically impossible for his wife to leave Washington just then, even under the circumstances, and enclosed a clipping from a newspaper describing a ball that had been given in Jessie's honor, and a five dollar bill!

I wrote again that Hawkins was calling for her every few hours, and beseeching her to see him. No answer. I went back to the old man gasping his life away in the miserable little attic. I went with a lie on my lips; I told him she was coming.

At first the effect was magical. He seemed to get better and better, and now and then his conversation became rational, and it was always of her; but as the days went by, and she did not come, he sank back into a state of lethargy, and when he called her name, it was like the wail of a lost soul groping in darkness.

Yes, her name was on his lips that last sad night I sat by his bedside. He had rolled over on one side, so that his fast glazing eyes could find the door, his wasted face bent forward, hopeful to

the last hard breath, as he called huskily, "Jessie!—Jessie!" And so the light went out.

It was a chill March day that I and one other stood in the damp grass in an obscure corner of Woodlawn Cemetery, the only mourners at the grave of the dead humorist, and looked for the last time on his quiet face. In my heart there was a prayer for him, a curse for the woman!

The other night I attended the reception of a well-known literary woman on Madison avenue,—one of those mutual admiration soirces so popular just now in the metropolis. Feeling rather out of place among so many celebrities, I had gravitated to a quiet corner and was enjoying the scene, when a lady touched me on the shoulder. I turned and confronted Jessie. Yes, the same Jessie I had known of old, with the same confidential smile and assuring squeeze of the fingers, the rolling blue eyes that seemed roaming about her pretty face and the soft baby mouth, the ogles, the shrugs of her pretty shoulders. Too well I knew her.

Some bitter words rose to my lips, but I checked them. "I was out visiting Woodlawn to-day," I said, but she never moved a muscle. "There is a spot there which I should think would interest you."

"Oh yes," she chirped, "Jay Gould's tomb. But why talk of such things now? Give me your arm. They are going in to supper."

ERNEST DE LANCEY PIERSON.



FACT vs. SCIENCE.

OR, THE NIGHT EDITOR'S DISCOVERY.



HE man of science all the starry sky
Explores beyond the reach of mortal eye;
He sees the planets through their courses run,
And counts the miles from Neptune to the sun;
Before his view vast systems nightly pass,
As night by night he gazes through his glass,
To all these realms he seeks to find a bound,
But vainly peers into the depths profound,
And, as he notes the comet's endless chase,
Declares 'tis plain there is no end to space.

Perched in his sanctum near the starry sky,
The editor scans the news with watchful eye
To see what part to cancel, what to run,
Of tidings from all climes beneath the sun;
And, as he views the flood before him pass,
Considers how to put a barrelful in a glass.
To things to print there seems to be no bound,
And subjects range from common to profound
But soon he finds he's filled up every chase,
And says 'tis plain there is an end to space.

And hence I maintain
All science is vain;
Let Fact take False Theory's place;
For 'tis proved every night
The editor's right
When he says there's a limit to space.

FRANK J. BONNELLE.

BOSTON, 1887.

GEORGE WILLIAM CHILDS.



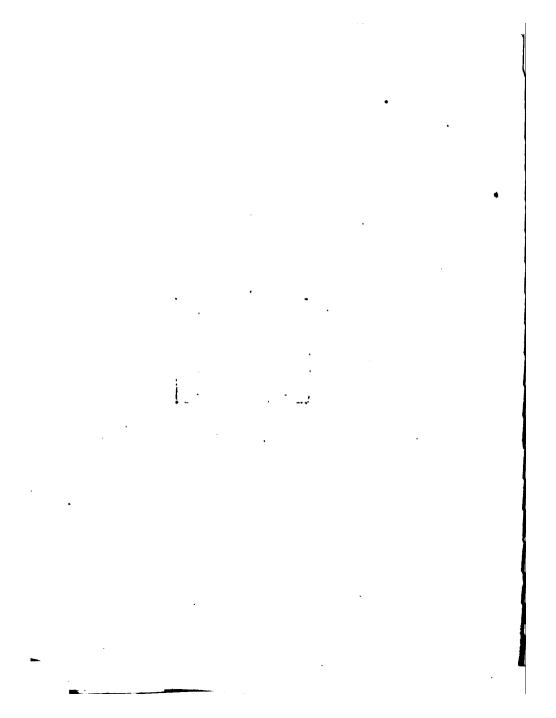
HE owner of Philadelphia's most successful and widest-known newspaper has just completed his fifty-eighth year. From boyhood his ambitions were all noble, his line of duty unswerving, and his labor practical. Mr. Childs is a native of Baltimore, Md.

His education was such as the common schools of fifty years ago afforded; yet, meagre as that basis seemed, he has made his whole life a grand lesson of usefulness. In his fourteenth year, he found employment in a book-store kept by an eccentric Quaker, named Peter Thompson, at the theatre corner of Arch and Sixth streets, Philadelphia. Here he remained four years, quitting to open his own little shop in the Public Ledger building, then at the south-east corner of Third and Chestnut streets, in the same city. Before he had attained his majority, he was at the head of a publishing house. The firm of Childs & Peterson became eminent in the literary world. Its imprint is upon many books. After the dissolution of his partnership with Robert E. Peterson, Mr. Childs bought an interest in the firm of J. B. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia. In 1863 he began again on his own account, and started The American Literary Gazette.

On the 5th of December, 1864, he became owner of *The Public Ledger*. In the early summer of 1867, this prosperous daily paper was issued from its new and superbly-appointed establishment. To his army of employees Mr. Childs is as a father or an elder brother—a wise exemplar, a protecting friend. His own social affiliations are with the most erudite, the most cultured, and the truest men and women of earth. He has three houses—one an elegant city residence, another his rural home, "Wootton," and still another at Long Branch, New Jersey. His grandest and unnumbered mansions are the hearts of those who have shared in his timely benefactions. Hundreds of families, in Philadelphia, and elsewhere, acknowledge the generous deeds born of a happy union of good-will and riches.



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COLLEGE JOURNALISM.



ROBABLY nothing in this world more thoroughly excites the scorn of the professional journalist, than the sight of one of those exquisitely printed, creamtinted, and expense-unstinted publications that chronicle the life of the American undergraduate and are known as college papers. Such contempt

as the war-horse feels for the trotting pony, the eagle for the meek canary, and the hero of a hundred battles for the smooth-faced, bright-uniformed militiaman,—such contempt, I say, the college "editor" excites in his brothers of the pen and shears.

And yet, the college editor, in his sphere, may score as great a journalistic triumph as the master of a thousand pens, whose bidding sets the electric wires throbbing under the sea and over the continents throughout the world. If the successful journalist is he whose columns accurately mirror the sentiment, the life, the types of the society for which he writes; if it is he who has the inborn sense of what his own particular public most desires, and who can most readily adapt his work to that desire,—then college journalism also has its Greeleys, its Raymonds, and its Danas. I suppose that nowhere can one better catch the true aroma, the fine fleur, the exquisite bouquet of college life, than from the pages of a truly representative college paper; and every university deserving of the name possesses at least one such paper, wherein the drift of college sentiment is set forth with such individuality of phrasing, and such unconsciously subtle shades of literary treatment, as to make it quite impossible to deny the undergraduate editor the possession of the journalistic gift. The very jokes smack of their source. The Princeton joke could never have originated under the elms of Yale. The Harvard poem could not possibly have sprung whence " mighty Edwards stamped his iron heel." The choice Yalensian bits of slang, no man would father on the dignified matriculates of Columbia. The clever social hits

of the blue-and-white Spectator reveal their own paternity to the most casual inspection.

College journalism, as a strictly undergraduate enterprise, is prac tically confined to the United States. It is not unknown in England, vet it has never been successful there. Collectors of Thackerayana will remember that the author of Pendennis in his undergraduate days tried the experiment of a student journal at the University of Cambridge in 1829. This was probably the very first of his literary work, and the title which he gave his bantling, The Snob, shows that the spirit of Yellowplush and Michael Angelo Titmarsh was even then only waiting to be summoned into material form. The Snob was not successful; but at least two amusing skits deserve notice for their own sake,—one, a clever burlesque on Tennyson's prize poem, entitled "Timbucto"; and the other, a paper with the heading, "Mrs. Ramsbottom in Cambridge." Other undergraduate publications have been attempted, both at Cambridge and at Oxford, but no purely student journal has ever attained more than a passing fame. At the present time a large twelve-page paper called the Oxford and Cambridge Undergraduate Journal is published by two editors, selected, one from each university, who make a handsome income from the position. In the Journal are regularly published the honor lists, notices of examinations, lectures, university sermons, and the thousand-and-one things comprised in what English college slang calls calendar. The advertising list is also very large—but of the student-life, as such, one learns nothing from its pages; and it is, in fact, little more than an official bulletin.

In our own country, college papers have flourished nominally since the year 1806, when the first number of the *Literary Cabinet* was issued at Yale by the Senior Class of that year. The oldest college publication now existing, however, is the *Yale Literary Magazine*, which dates from 1836. But it may be said that the "College paper," as distinguished from the purely literary monthly, is of very recent origin, having sprung up since 1860. The typical college paper consists of a page or two of editorial comment on matters of collegiate interest, a chronicle of recent events in intercollegiate athletics, a poem or two, an occasional short story of

which the hero is a college "man", two or three columns of paragraphs relating to the local college news, a column of clippings from other college papers, and generally some "Exchange Notes," in which either a little literary "log-rolling" is done in the way of flattery of contemporaries, or a flerce combat waged with a great expenditure of adjectives and sarcasm more or less withering.

As I have said, the college papers give a most faithful photograph of the life of their respective institutions, and are filled with many subtle touches so characteristic as to be most entertaining. Thus, about examination time, such little strokes as this from the *Brunonian* reveal a vast amount of truth within a very scanty space: "The reported remark of an antipodal laundry man is interesting: 'Me no likee washee Blown boys cuffee; too muchee one, two, thlee!""

Very realistic is the following from the Richmond College Journal, which gives an insight into the etiquette of some Southern universities: "We have said it before, and we wish to repeat it again, that gentlemen begin now to expectorate upon the floor of the college lecture-rooms at any time; but when ladies are present it is absolutely inexcusable!"

It is with pain, also, that one finds the handsome Berkeleyan of the University of California denouncing the "Sophomore posters" as "the most vile, low, degraded publications that ever emanated from the mind of man." And yet the University of California is one of those institutions where the alleged "refining influences" of co-education have been at work for many years, as they have in other Western colleges, whose journals, however, do not yet seem quite to have succumbed to the refinement, for their local columns are interspersed with apparently incoherent yet probably significant paragraphs, such as "Oh, Sal!" "How about that moonlight ride?" and so forth, which seem to shed a side-light upon the practical workings of the peculiar institution.

There are four papers that may be taken as types—the Harvard Advocate, the Yale Courant, the Williams Athenoum, and the Columbia Spectator. They are all alike in being each thoroughly well managed, beautifully printed, and exquisitely illustrative of the tone of their respective institutions. The Advocate is cleverly

and lightly written, with more of a literary tone than its contemporaries show, and always having about it a certain sense of dignity, and perhaps a little self-consciousness such as marks the so-called "best sets" in the college town of Cambridge. The Courant is thoroughly a Yale paper, with the hearty slap-dash, confident, rollicking, pugnacious recklessness that is the characteristic quality of the wearer of the blue. Genuine and unadulterated college life survives perhaps more entirely at Yale than at any of our universities. The college is more self-reliant, more independent of external society; and the Courant is quite the mouthpiece of the place, so that, as we read its pages, we get a mental glimpse of the old red halls, the vista of elms, and the breezy jollity that radiates in all directions from the college "fence."

The Athenœum is also a type. It is as high and clever as the others, but you know that life at Williams has a character distinct from that of Yale or Harvard the moment you have read its local news. The Spectator likewise has a flavor of its own, and in it one feels more the restraints and proprieties of a great metropolis with a thousand interests apart from those of purely literary life.

Other very excellent papers are the *Princetonian*, the *Trinity Tablet*, the *Harvard Crimson*, the *Cornell Era*, the *Yale Record*, the *Bowdoin Orient*, and the *Brunonian* of Brown. Purely literary magazines are the *Yale Lit.*, mentioned above; the *Nassau Lit.*, published at Princeton, and the *School of Mines Quarterly* (Columbia), this last being a scientific publication of a high order, and its contributors for the most part Professors and specialists of established reputation. Two colleges—Yale and Harvard—have daily papers.

The essential difference between college journalism and professional journalism is the underlying literary tone of the former. Comparatively few college journalists ever drift into newspaper offices; but a great many of our younger literary men received their earliest training on the college papers. Among these, one most readily remembers Mr. Robert Grant, Mr. Edgar Fawcett, Mr. John K. Bangs of Life, Mr. Frank Dempter Sherman, Mr.

Samuel Minturn Peck, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler of Science, Dr. Herbert Satterlee, Mr. William Ordway Partridge, and that very clever writer, Mr. Brander Matthews.

College papers are managed generally by Boards of Editors who fill their own vacancies, manage the business of the papers themselves, and divide the profits at the end of the year. These profits are often by no means inconsiderable, and cases have been known where a clever man has paid the expenses of his college course by bright and successful management of a college paper. Generally, however, the surplus is invested in an annual dinner of unlimited splendor, and disappears amid the popping of corks and a burst of general hilarity.

H. T. PECK.

TO A LADY STUDENT OF ART.



AIL all to Art—man's best interpretation
Of language God through Nature doth express;
Success attend, and sweetly sound the voices
Which speak to Art's beloved Priestesses.

May your interpretations all be pure,
And earnest as your nature and the mind
That guides your brush to give your thought expression,
Then Art through you new nobleness shall find.

And when your life has reached its culmination,
And mists of death sweep thick before your eyes,
May sunshine from life's pictures pierce the darkness,
And light your home eternal in the skies.

For in the end e'en God shall view the pictures Our lives have formed each individual day, And by the justice of His solemn judgment, Eternally they'll point each artist's way.

CHARLES M. KURTZ.

SONG OF THE PRESS.

A TOAST.



HEY moulded my form from the hard black iron,
They turned my rivets and cranks of steel
As strong men mould in the docks the ships
And bend and hammer the stubborn keel.
They made me the tool of a genius great,
They put a gold tongue in my iron throat,
And men sat down to write and read,
And I proclaimed the thoughts they wrote.

The engines clatter, and I go 'round With a patient tread o'er the sleeping type; O'er the golden speeches of golden minds Mellow with genius and sweet and ripe. The forms go off and the forms come on, The daily message forever speeds With tears for the prisoner in his cell, And hope for the widow in her weeds.

Ah! a wonderful thing is my hard black strength,
And a loud unending voice is mine;
From my heart comes the world's wise thought
And the tender love of the poets rhyme.
The engines clatter, my rollers touch
With eager fingers the midnight ink,
And the sheet is kissed by the voiceless lips
Of the wond'rous words that great men think.

A goodly labor is mine, and sweet
Is the patient toil of the patient men
Who sit, while the weary world's asleep,
Laboring late with pencil and pen.
But the world is better for all of us;
We teach the good the deeds of the bad,
And the sweet old mothers always know
How fares the wandering wayward lad.

A mighty voice is mine, and it swells,
As the shoreward billows when winds are low,
Through the southern valleys, and east and west,
And over the hills to the northland snow.
The sailors go forth in their brave great ships,
The women gaze over the waves from the shore,
And the years go rapidly one, by one,
But the brave ships come them back no more.

And my lips tell the old sad tale,
While listening women bow in grief,
How the brave great ships with their human freight
Went down by the side of a coral reef;
And my voice cheers them, heart and soul,
With the truth it speaks of the tender love
Of Him who watches the souls that sink
And calls the lost to the ports above.

And the voice is mighty of them who write
The wiser thoughts, and the judgments clear
That issue forth from my iron throat
Despite the menace of wrong and fear.
They dare to do right, my wise brave sons,
They wield a mightier tool than the sword,
And the strength of God is pinned and stamped
On moulded sentence and sculptured word.

THE JOURNALIST SOUVENIR.

They are poets all, in their infinite love
Of the justice and law and human truth
That make political honesty sure
As the innocent faith of fair-haired Ruth.
They tear the banner of bribery down,
They throttle vice with a strong sure hand,
And they teach the gospel of manhood, pure
- As the perfect creed of a perfect land.

Drink to the press and its noble sons,
Its wonderful voice of iron and steel,
And the patient tollers whose hearts are full
Of the world's rejoicing, its pain and weal!
Drink to the scions of a mighty race,
To the aged scribe and the verdant youth!
Drink to the censors of politics,
Religion, love, and eternal truth!

Drink to the wheels, the rivets and bolts,

The hard iron throat and its golden tongue!
Drink to Invention's talent great,

While hearts are merry and lives are young.
And bow, O revellers! bow in prayer

To the God-most God, that he may bless
With infinite knowledge and grace of sense

The press and the wise brave sons of the press.

FOLGER MCKINSEY.



A NEWSPAPER MARTYR.



IEN I first went to Dakota, nearly four years ago, my destiny led me to one of the most progressive of the comparatively new towns in the southern portion of the great territory.

Here I became attached to the front wheels of a struggling daily newspaper. I was engaged by the proprietor to edit the paper and make myself generally useful. Had I known, before I closed the contract, what the owner meant by being "generally useful," I am convinced he and I would never have made a bargain, and that the morning Exponent's tripod had never owned me its temporary king.

But I was blissfully ignorant of what the to-morrow had in store, and as the owner and I soon came to a financial agreement, I settled gracefully and trustingly into the editorial harness.

There was no big salary attached, but I quickly found plenty of hard work. A month had barely elapsed when the proprietor, who was also general manager, discharged the ten-dollar-a-week local, and intimated that I might in future "clean up" the street, in addition to my other duties.

Gradually it dawned on me what was meant by being "generally useful." In two months from the time I signed articles, I was combining the duties of editor-in-chief, telegraph editor, local reporter, department editor, "anxious inquirer," and "pro bono publico," on the staff of the Daily Exponent.

I humorously called it the Dakota manifold system, and wondered when the proprietor would ask me to take charge of his books also. I almost hoped he would, as then I could see that my salary was paid with a more pleasing regularity at least.

The fact soon became apparent that cash was an alarmingly scarce article around the office of the *Daily Exponent*, and, although strict economy was practiced, the earnings of the paper fell far short of its expenses.

During this trying period of the Exponent's existence, our business manager never seemed to lose heart. Before him, like every other faithful Dakotian, there floated ever a roseate future. It is this ever-present hope for a future which has sustained the thousands of sturdy pioneers who have been fighting wind-storms and blizzards during the past fifteen years in treeless Dakota, and they are now beginning to reap their reward, for a brighter or more glorious prospect never shone on any new country than that which now greets this grand progressive territory. Excuse this digression. I, too, you see, am a true believer!

One cannot bank on the future, however, nor meet paper bills with promises, and, although our business manager was an adept at making them and of deferring them, the evil day would come at last when cash became an absolute necessity.

In the darkest hours of a Saturday night, when dollars were worth their weight in gold, and the compositors anxiously haunted the counting-room waiting for the ghost to walk, he never despaired. He had a sublime faith that in some way he would pull through, and, although it seemed like a losing venture, he pluckily kept on issuing the *Exponent* every day in the week except Monday. All the local politicians were periodically tapped to swell the paper's finances, and when the situation grew exceptionally desperate he would tackle the real-estate dealers and owners of townsite additions.

"It will never do, gentlemen," said this pleading, povertypressed publisher, "to let the *Daily Exponent* go under, when a few dollars will help tide over this difficulty." "Just think," he would urge, "what a blow it would be to the town if we failed to publish! Why, the papers in the rival towns around us would never cease crowing over the misfortune. It would be a public calamity!"

Do you wonder that he came back loaded with the shiners? Such eloquence could never fail on a townsite boomer.

It was unfortunate that these appeals were necessary; it injured the paper's influence, I think, while its owner in time was looked upon as a professional beggar. This was hardly fair. The people wanted the paper bad enough, and recognized its value to the community, but they hated to go down in their pockets to help support it, and they never freely offered aid.

This business manager of mine had one peculiarity which amused me not a little. He never seemed to understand why a merchant or business man should patronize a rival sheet to the exclusion of his paper.

We had two weekly newspapers in the place besides the daily, each fairly well conducted and deserving of patronage. It was like flaunting the red rag at a bull for a merchant to advertise in one of these papers, ignoring the daily. The tradesman he berated in unmeasured terms as an unpatriotic citizen, while the rival publisher was to him a meddling, presumptuous fellow, who had no business to exist, anyway.

All job printing he considered his lawful prey. If any large order escaped him and was taken to one of the other offices, he would grow livid with rage and bestow all manner of hard names upon the audacious merchant who had dared ignore the claims of the Exponent office. This peculiarity became chronic with him as he grew older, and especially as the city enlarged. The competition was so great, and his time so occupied by the demands of the paper, that it was impossible to hold the trade. At these times he would begin by cursing his own luck, then freely berate the other printers, and finally include the whole city and everybody outside the Exponent office in one grand shower of invectives.

Poor fellow! I pitied him too. He had such a hard time in trying to keep his paper afloat that he felt he was entitled to all the help the people had to give. He lost sight of the fact that the other printers had to live too, and that their publications were also a credit to the place and deserving of patronage.

I say again, poor fellow! for he is dead now. After four years hard buffeting, which contained for him one endless, continual struggle to keep his head above water, and the paper from flooding him, he died—a victim of overwork and anxiety—died almost in sight of the goal he had fought so bravely to attain. His paper was his pride, his life. A bachelor of forty, he was wedded to his business. For his paper he lived, and on account of his paper he died. He devoted every energy he possessed to make it a paying piece of property, and everything he had was sacrificed for it—even his health.

I think readers of THE JOURNALIST will agree with me that he deserves to be canonized as a newspaper martyr, who died fighting for the faith.

He made few friends; he had no time for that. In any other business, with his energy and ability, he would have accumulated a fortune in the time he spent trying to make the *Exponent* a success. Now he is almost forgotten. He lies in the prairie graveyard, not even a stone marks his last resting-place, and I much doubt if the present owner of the paper this martyr helped to found has even heard of him.

A common enough experience, perhaps you say, but none the less a hard one, even for a newspaper man. Even Dakota has her heroes, you see!

S. T. CLOVER.

SIOUX FALLS, DAKOTA.

A BIRTHDAY BOOK.



BIRTHDAY book!—a magic sound,
In whose sweet uttrance there is found
The earnest greeting of a friend,
The hearty words that loved ones send,
Where through the Circean spell is wound.

Though sweetest singing there abound, I fain would weave one charm around The floods of songcraft that attend A birthday book.

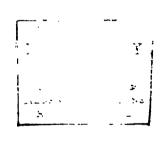
And forth from such a fertile ground
Of minstrelsy, all fancy-crowned,
In which a hundred beauties blend,
Shall come a larger grace, to lend
An added fame to so renowned
A birthday book.

NATHAN M. LEVY.



PUTTING ON AIRS.

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THE DEVIL'S JUDGMENT.



HE legend, dear boys, I'm about to narrate
Is undoubtedly true. It occurred in this State;
It took place in this town a few years ago.
The scene of the story is located below.

Max Peter Von Grump—
You have all heard of him—
An eminent statesman,
Stern, stolid, and grim,
Who was boss of his Party,
Which one I won't mention;
The life, soul, and sinew
Of every convention.

In his youth he had been a legal practitioner; But he soon fell from grace, and became a commissioner. Then he rose to distinction on fame's public ladder, Though his enemies said "he'd no more brains than a bladder."

With such daring success
That even his foes
Pronounced his finesse
In political problems
As something surprising,
Yet how to defeat him
Were always surmising.
To them every vict'ry was a serious blow;
So they gave up surmising, because they didn't know.

But yet he made deals

THE JOURNALIST SOUVENIR.



Max Peter Von Grump Was a man of great wealth, And, like many others. He did good-by stealth. He owned mills and broad acres; He owned houses by blocks; He'd his safe stuffed with bonds And the best kind of stocks: He had hosts of relations And queer applications For office from folks Of all sorts of nations; A man of strong sense, He was par excelience One you might call "a daisy" Without giving offense.

You'll pardon, I trust, if I make a digression—
I believe that's the usual form of expression—
But those who were envious of this man's success
Maintained it was due to a subsidized Press.
I pronounce that a falsehood, without hesitation,
And about on a par with the ——'s circulation.

Yet I regret to admit This political sire, This honor'ble Max, Was a very great liar!

It is true that his lying
Was of a kind jesuitical,
And had for its motives
Divers reasons political;
Qui facit per alium, facit per se
Was the rule he observed
In his lying, d'ye see?

However, all men, be they Stalwart or Mugwump, Must pass in their checks. 'Twas so with Max Von Grump.

For feeling off color one night in the fall,

Which means for to say he didn't feel well at all,

Two physicians were summoned in very great hurry,

To find on arrival confusion and worry.

The symptoms were bad—as bad as could be—

Congestions, cold sweats, severe pains in each knee.



His liver was sluggish;
His tongue very dry;
His pulse over ninety—
Yes; 'twas plain he must die.
For death endeth all things;
But, despite the temptation,
I must really refrain
From another quotation.

So he died, and his funeral
Was largely attended
By all sorts of people,
Even those he'd offended.
The description, alone,
Filled three columns or more;
'Twas an imperial send-off
To the "great unknown shore."
But, in spite of the virtues
With which he was credited,
Those vices were glossed o'er,
Which should have been debited;

For truth compels me to say, In a very terse way, That Von Grump went to Hell On that very same day!



And now to describe
His reception below,
And the reasons for going
My readers shall know.

His Majesty, Satan, was in humorous vein.
He laughed, sang, and jested—then jested again;
He worked off some chestnuts, mostly all of them "blue" ones;
But so old that to many they sounded like new ones.



The imps were delighted,
And the roars of their laughter
Shook the walls of the palace
From the throne to the rafter.
In truth, 'twas a scene of such flendish
affright

As almost to scare a black nigger white.

They danced in a circle
With fearful velocity;
Gave way with abandon
To most sinful precocity;
While the flames they exuded

Those from Satan included, Gave a singular aspect To their eyes, which protruded. Chain lightning, their liquor, Made their legs reel yet quicker, While his Majesty's utt'rance
Grew rapidly thicker.
Such, in brief, was the scene at this novel symposium;
'Twas indeed what you might call a prolonged pandemonium.

But suddenly silence
Fell over the throng,
When a weird sort of voice,
'Tween a chant and a song.
Proclaimed a decree,
His Sublime Majestee
Would receive Max Von Grump
At the hour of three.

For even below

They have clocks,
You must know,
Which wind themselves up,
And perpetually go.

Till that time they adjourned,
And I afterwards learned
To decide if Von Grump
Should be boiled or be burned.

Precisely at three the Council of State
Re-assembled to fix poor Max's stern fate.
A signal was given;
Some one opened a portal,
When two of the body-guard
Led in that scared mortal,

So shrunken, so palsied, his best friends wouldn't have known him; He'd have had a hard time to get some one to own him. Then Satan arose;
Majestic and awful,
He said Von Grump's trial
Had been perfectly lawful;
The case as presented
Was irresistibly clear;
"But," pleaded Von Grump,
"Tell me, why am I here?"

An oath like a thunderbolt, Or volcanic congestion, Was Satan's rejoinder To this pertinent question.



The flames of his anger, How it made his eyes glisten! As he fixed their stern gaze On Von Grump, and said, "Listen; Perhaps you'll remember. On a certain September. You were interviewed by A young man, then a member Of the staff of a journal. Whose records diurnal Showed you up in a fashion Which you said was infernal; Of this fact you may now have A faint recollection; But, since you have asked me, I'll answer your question. You said many things, 'Tis no use now denying; But in all of your statements You did some tall lying, But, what was far worse You showed him no quarter, To get out of your lying,

You deceived the reporter; That young man was "bounced; You deserved to be trounced When you read in cold type The fact as announced. No pity had you For his family of two, And you swore to a lie As men, like you, do. No feelings of shame Brought a blush to your cheek When you knew that reporter For many a week Could scarcely get food For himself or his brood; Such privations as his Are not oft understood. Yet, you, with your pride, And vast riches beside, Took no pains to inquire



If he lived, or he died;
So that's why you're here.
Your case is so clear
That, I hope, you'll remain
With us many a year.
We won't burn you, nor boil
you;

What we'll do, I'll now tell
Your sentence is henceforth—
You're exiled in Hell!
Through ages of time,
Through cycles of years,
Your only companion
Shall be your own fears;
They shall haunt you by night,
They shall haunt you by day;
I've said it. What, ho, there!
Pray, take him away!"

, THE JOURNALIST SOUVENIR.

So they took him away
As the gong struck his knell;
I'm told Eli Perkins
Lies in the next cell.



MORAL.

The moral, perchance,
May find point in some quarters,
For it don't always pay
To go back on reporters.

FRED. J. HAMILTON.



A BALLADE OF LOITERING.



N SPITE of good fellowship rare,
Which the cark of the soul will efface,
In spite of the bonhomie there,
Of care showing never a trace;
Though the mots lead the fancy a chase,
And a laugh greets the cleverest "nub";
Oh, flee from the siren's embrace,—
Don't loiter too long at the Club.

In spite of the daintiest fare
Freely spread by old books in the case,
From Shakespeare, beyond all compare,
To Keats's ineffable grace,
As tempting as flowers in a vase,
Or as blooms on a wild-wood shrub
Which white elematis clusters enlace,—
Don't loiter too long at the Club.

Though you're safe as a lion in lair,
Secure from the creditor's face,
As free as the birds of the air,
Or the perch and the pike and the dace,
(If you trump not your partner's ace!)
Though the house an oasis you dub,
Yet hear my fraternal ukase,—
Don't loiter too long at the Club.

L'ENVOI.

O Editor out of a place,
O youth from the West or the "Hub,"
If you'd win the first prize in the race,
Don't loiter too long at the Club.

C. C. STARKWEATHER.

JOSEPH PULITZER.



HE real history of the New York World, as a live newspaper, began with the accession of Mr. Joseph Pulitzer. His paper is a reflex of the man, aggressive, pushing, enterprising. Dealing largely in surprises. It is a marvel to veteran newspaper men. It only shows, however, what can be done in newspaper

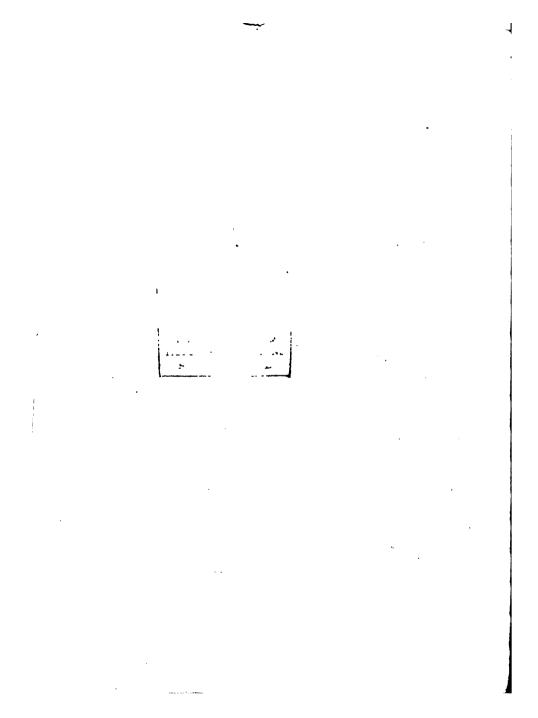
work with energy, boldness, and brains. Joseph Pulitzer is one of the most far-seeing and sagacious men in American journalism. He believes in making a paper for the people, and considers nothing too good or too expensive for his readers. He spends his money freely. He has gathered around him a staff second to none in this country, and is personally popular with all his men. It makes but little difference where such a man as Joseph Pulitzer was born or school-educated. He is now an American, representing in himself and in his paper all that is best and most enterprising in American journalism. He still holds the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, a paper which he built up and made successful before he came to New York to put spirit and life into The World.

Mr. Pulitzer is as genial and unaffected in manner as when he was a hard-working reporter on the Westliche Post in St. Louis. The only effect which the accession of his large fortune has had upon him is to make him more open-heartedly generous to those with whom he is brought into contact. The five thousand dollars for a reporter's bed in the New York Hospital, the working girls' summer excursions, the one thousand dollars to the Press Club charity fund, and his annual Christmas presents to his men, are but drops from the bucket of Pulitzer's liberality. The great bulk of his charity is as unostentatious as it is kindly.

He is, moreover, really the editor of *The World*. Nine-tenths of the plans for the improvement of the paper are suggested by him. With every detail of the business clearly in his head, he has surrounded himself with the men best qualified to carry out his designs. These able lieutenants are zealous workers.









CONFESSIONS OF A CRANK



AM not a smoker. If I were a smoker, I would doubtless be a rock of offense to many capitalists, insurance agents, printers' devils, and other horny-handed sons of toil who do smoke, and who often seek at other altars the fire necessary for their own.

It is my creed that a man who carries cigars should also carry matches; that one who uses a pipe should be provided with everything necessary for its maintenance. Acting on this belief. I would usually refuse to allow him to use my cigar as a kindler for his own, or to transfer any of the burning weed from my pipe-bowl to make his dead tobacco glow again with life. In that refusal I would probably be set down as a churl; but, nevertheless, I think many will agree with me that heroic measures are necessary. I have seen a man approach another for a light, and go away more in anger than in sorrow when a match, instead of a cigar, was proffered. A point-blank refusal could produce no worse effect. In some countries, donkeys are used as beasts of burden, carrying large panniers which contain, in addition to articles of merchandise, provender for themselves. The donkev is said to regard the thistle as a dainty; but thistles do not grow in every soil, and he would perhaps go hungry, and be unable to satisfy the cravings of the inner donkey, if he did not take from his back to feed his belly. A smoker is not necessarily a donkey, but he may, with propriety and with advantage to himself, sometimes act like one.

Though of a naturally impulsive temperament, I confess that I do not like to hurry or to be hurried; and therein I seem to differ from many others. When a man—or a woman—desires to arrive at a conclusion, he—or she—often jumps at it. Now, the jump may be in the right direction, but then it may not, and the gymnast may have a fall. I once knew a young woman who took

her seat in the dining-room with the exclamation, "I knew we were to have mutton chops for breakfast, because I dreamed all night that I was chasing sheep"; but she was perhaps also guided by her prophetic nose, and her leap did not result disastrously. We do not take our time. It is the same everywhere and with nearly everybody. The haste to be rich is well-nigh universal. The man ill with the typhoid fever is ready to jump from his bed as soon as the crisis is past, or even before, without allowing nature to have her perfect work. Even the Broadway teamster. whose motto might well be Festina Lente, makes his horse's nose overlap the wagon in front, and the pedestrian, unless he imagines the animal to be a modern colossus of roads and goes under him, must take the longest way round, which is seldom the shortest way home. A man will run at break-neck speed down Montague street to catch a ferry-boat, and perhaps, as a consequence. drop dead from heart-disease on the deck. He lingered in his bed and over his coffee, but he could not afford to wait five minutes for another boat. And there is another thing that is most surprising,-it is the endeavor to accomplish what can not be accomplished. There are many tread-mills outside of jails, and the unattainable, as poets have ever sung, is dear. But be reasonable.

> In act and thought, in word and wish, Be sensible and prudent, too; Don't climb a tree to catch a fish; What can't be done, don't try to do.

The crank pleads guilty to the charge that he is yet a lorn and lonely bachelor, but urges in extenuation that, in spite of this, and perhaps all the more because of it, he entertains a profound respect for some and an unbounded admiration for others of the charming and inconsequent sex. And this emboldens him to speak of the attitude assumed by some men toward some women. It seems to be politeness, but it is really its antithesis. A true woman despises a sycophant, but I am sorry to say that many a true woman apparently does not see the sycophant through the veneer. The man who is servile to women in public will speak slightingly of them and stab their reputations in private. My brother men will bear me

out in this statement. I am not sure that woman yet occupies the place designed for her by her Creator. In one part or age of the world she is treated like a slave, in another she is enthroned as a superior; in neither of these is she an helpmate for man.

I am on the street many hours of each day, and have considerable amusement in watching the different types of humanity that throng the sidewalks; but my emotions are not all pleasurable ones. Nuisances are common. The shoe-string man who flings his wares in my face is an abomination; the person with the advertising dodger makes a dodger of me. Neither should be objectionable; neither would be objectionable, if he were possessed of less pernicious activity, but he seems to be a veritable Baxterstreet merchant in embryo with promise of speedy development. Then there is the man who dangles a spider from a stick, forgetting that most people sincerely share all the objections of little Miss Muffet, who forsook her tuffet, as well as her curds and whey, when the little spider came and sat down beside her going to make a confession that will astonish some of my friends. I am sorry that the chestnut-bell man, standing near the material wall, has been pushed almost to the metaphorical one. I make this confession with some trepidation and hasten to offer an explanation of my seeming rashness. The opposition to the bell was caused, not by its reasonable use, but by its unreasonable abuse. Persons of little physical and less mental calibre could, without breaking a blood-vessel or inducing phrenitis, at least ring a bell when anything worn, though still, perhaps, witty, was said. And now I make a suggestion which I think has not been made before -if it has appeared, it has escaped my notice. It is, that the chestnut-bell be rung by the teller of funny stories-and at least thirty seconds before the story is told. This will give those who hear the bell an opportunity to avoid hearing the story, while others-to borrow the language of the dominie as he announces the "after-meeting"—who desire to remain, may do so. This idea in itself is not entirely new, even though it may not at present be found among the rules and regulations governing the use of the chestnut-bell. It is simply an adaptation of the sign so often seen at country railroad crossings-" Look out for the locomotive when

the bell rings!" I think that this suggestion, if carefully followed, will bring the chestnut-bell again into prominence, and that good, instead of evil as before, will in the future be the result.

I am afraid that I would have been denied entrance at the great gate of Theleme, of which we are told by Rabelais:

"Here enter not unsociable wight,
Humoursome churl, by day, nor yet by night,
No grumbling awf,—"

which means, I suppose, if it means anything,

CRANKS NOT ALLOWED ON THE PREMISES.

friar in the box murmur absolution and benediction.

This is saddening; but I am consoled by the thought that there is one place that is not closed to cranks and other outcasts. I do not mean the jail, nor the asylum, but the confessional—and thither have I come with my burden. It may occur to the gentle yet discerning reader that I have been confessing the sins of others rather than my own short-comings. This is, perhaps, the truth; but it is my belief that all men are more or less cranky, and, if that be so, I have done them scant injustice. If it be not so, I am yet willing to father what I have written, and, though my shoulder. be but slender, to yicariously assume the load. And may the good

FRANK CECIL LOCKWOOD.



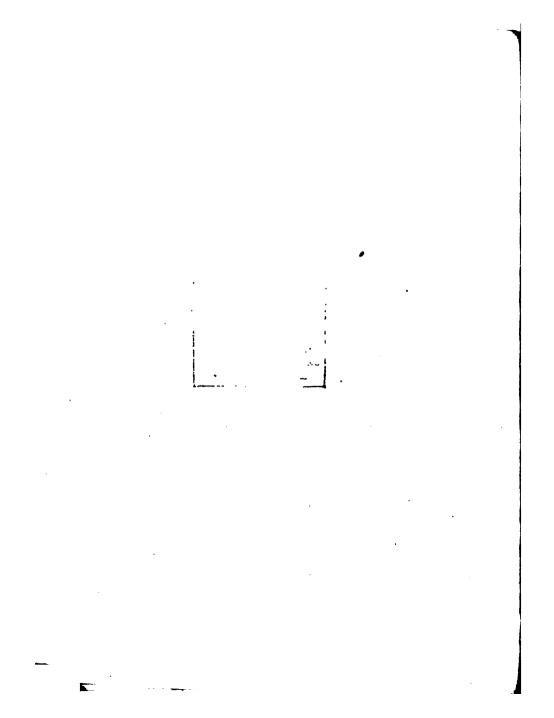
COLONEL CHARLES H. TAYLOR.



a banquet tendered to this distinguished editor by more than two hundred of his newspaper confreres, and which took place on Tuesday evening, May 10th, 1887, in Boston, he was toasted as "a young man who, alone and unaided, starting at the lowest round of the ladder of his profession, has hewn his way, step

by step, through the rough granite of adversity and even misfortune, until to-day he stands at the head of one of the largest and most prosperous journals of this country. He is a journalist of unselfish purposes-of unflinching courage-of quick intuition, and as a business manager has strong common sense and a staying power which makes success inevitable." All of this eulogy was merited. Such a career as CHARLES H. TAYLOR'S is typical of the possibilities of the newspaper profession in this country. While yet in his minority, he developed that keen scent for news which is the primary qualification of a good newspaper man. Sent by one of the Boston dailies to the Canadian border to act as special correspondent with the celebrated Fenian army of invasion (1866), his despatches showed a grasp of the situation and a faculty for descriptive detail which gave assurance of his powers. It may be noted that at the early age of sixteen he enlisted in the Union army as a private, went to the front, and served until he was wounded and sent home. He had only passed his majority a short time when he made a brief but successful excursion into the field of politics. Governor William Claffin appointed him his private secretary in 1869, with the rank of Colonel, and in that position he acquired an intimate knowledge of the working of the State government which has since been of great practical service to him. Meantime he remained a journalist, doing notable work as correspondent for the New York Tribune, the Cincinnati Times, and some local Boston writing. In 1873 he first formed his connection with the Globe, the voungest daily in the city, now without a rival in all New England.





AN AMERICAN FAUST.



TO the time my old friend, Frank Lloyd, told me the following story, I believed him to be the most truthful man I had ever met. I cannot say that my confidence is shaken, but you must judge if he has not put my credulity to a severe test, though it is due him to say that he is ready to make oath to the

accuracy of his statement.

"Before you read the inscription on that monument, let us sit down at its base, and I will tell you a story," said my friend, as we came to a halt before a fine granite shaft that crowns the crest of beautiful Greenwood.

I threw myself on the grass beside Frank, lit a cigar, and told him to "fire away."

With the earnest manner of one fully convinced of the truth of his own words, he began:

"Mike Gorman was an Irishman. When he landed in New York, about the year 1800, his fortune consisted of a change of linen done up in a handkerchief, and a half crown with a hole in it. But he had youth, health, and energy, with the added incentive to effort of a sweetheart at home in the County Mayo.

"Mike came to America, as did your ancestors and mine, because he could get more bread for less money, and more money for less work, than at home. To the ardent nature of the Irishman he added the thrift of the Scotch and the tenacity of the Englishman. He found work at once; but, though uneducated, he made up his mind, when he ascended his first ladder with his first hod on his shoulder, to stick to it until he became an employer and a builder himself.

"With a frugality, abstemiousness and industry that never left him, Mike Gorman worked, and with such success that before a year had passed he had sent for his sweetheart, married her an hour after she landed, and at once took her to the cozy little home provided by his pre-thought and self-denial. "At the end of the second year a son was born to the young people, and as the happy father kissed it for the first time he said, with the fervency of one making a religious vow: 'Plaze God, Shela, the b'v'll niver know what it is to wuruk like his father!'

"The child was named 'Sarsfield,' and as no other children appeared to divide the love and attention of his parents, he became the one object in which their hearts and lives centered.

"The world went well with Mike Gorman. He became a builder, and whatever he touched turned into gold, as if he were another Midas. For Sarsfield's sake the parents moved into a house away beyond their simple tastes, and, though they spent their evenings in the kitchen, the child was kept in the parlor with a governess whose acquirements awed her simple-hearted employers.

"In due time young Gorman was sent to college, and, as he was well provided with money and had the prospect of a great fortune before him, he paid more attention to pleasure than to study. Under other circumstances he might have shown something of his father's energy and his mother's kindness of heart, but indulgence had made him selfish, and his association with cultured people led him to compare them with his parents; and, as is too often the case, he came at length to look with something like contempt on the good people who had trained him out of their reach. It was at Sarsfield's suggestion that his father and mother kept in hiding when his college friends came to visit him, but the love-blinded father and mother were comforted with the thought that they had made their son the peer of the best and 'no ind of a fine gintlemon.'

"As Sarsfield often spoke to his friends about what he would do when his parents were out of the way, it is fair to believe that he was not deeply grieved when the cholera took them both off within a few hours of each other.

"Mike Gorman's will left everything to his son, and so, at the age of twenty-three, Sarsfield found himself the richest young man in the city. Knowing nothing of business, he saw no limit to his wealth, and, being supremely selfish, he set no bounds to the gratification of his passions.

"The 'friends' who flattered and fawned about him he very

naturally imagined were drawn to him by his individual merits, and with their ready assistance he at once began to mow a wide swath down the meadows of Pleasure. He had a stable full of racers and trotters, and he bet with a recklessness that made the veteran turf-plungers stare. He had the grandest yacht seen, up to that time, in New York harbor, and with his friends he took long cruises in tropic seas and exhausted strange lands in his pursuit of new pleasures. Wine and women, we may be sure, were not forsworn, nor was the temptation of cards and dice resisted.

"When Sarsfield's lawyer wrote him that he was not only using up all the income, but also eating into his principal, the young man called no halt, but became, if possible, more reckless in his expenditures. To such a course there could be but one ending. To supply funds, the real estate was sold; then the stables and the yacht were seized by creditors; and so came a day when the fortune was gone, and with it the friends vanished.

"For some time the young man lived by pawning or selling his jewels and wardrobe; but, extensive as these were, they had a limit. One night, after having supped on the proceeds of his last overcoat, Sarsfield Gorman found himself shivering in the Battery Park, without home, money, or friends.

"It was the last night of the old year, and the chimes of Trinity Church were greeting January first, when the poor wretch, with shoulders raised and his coat-collar turned up, made his way to the end of Pier One. The tide was sweeping in, and the ice-laden current of the North River was rushing down, and they met off the end of the pier like Time and Eternity; and the wind wailed, and the ice groaned like lost souls.

"Sarsfield Gorman looked back at the lights in the park, raised his eyes to the black, lowering sky; then, inhaling a long, deep breath, he braced himself for the plunge that was to rid him of himself.

"'I wouldn't do that, my boy; wait.'

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"On hearing these words, the young man turned and saw before him a tall, slender figure, draped in a cloak which the wind blew out like wings. The face was dark, handsome, and luminous, and the voice not unmusical. "'Who are you!' asked the desperate Sarsfield.

"'I am the one friend who has not forsaken you,' said the stranger, hooking his arm into the other's and leading him back toward the lights.

"'And what do you want with me?' demanded Sarsfield, making

a weak effort to break away.

"'I want you to live and keep on helping me. You have done me more service than any living man, and I can't afford to have you die. But let us find a hotel and a bottle, for I am not used to the cold.'

"The stranger led Sarsfield into the Washington Hotel, ordered a room with a fire in it, a bottle of cognac, and a box of cigars.

"The stranger was a man of charming manners; and, after the second glass, Sarsfield began to feel that he had found a true friend.

"'It is perhaps unnecessary for me to tell you who I am,' said the stranger when the bottle was half empty. 'But, as I have said, you have been a good friend to me, and I want you to live—

"'I can't live without money,' groaned Sarsfied.

"'Nor do I propose that you shall. Promise that you will keep on, as you have been doing, for fifty years, and, no matter how much you take out, your pockets will always be full of gold. Youth, strength, and the capacity for fresh enjoyment, will always be yours, and at the end of the fifty years I will see that you are properly taken care of. Come: what say you?'

"The stranger produced a document, with a pen and ink, and

pointed to the place for Sarsfield to sign.

"'It looks very much as if I were selling my soul,' said Sarsfield, who, up to this time, had never given his soul a thought. Then, seizing the pen, he dashed off his name.

"On the instant, the stranger vanished with the paper, and the astonished young man sprang to his feet and ran his hands into

his pockets. They were full of gold.

"He drew out heap after heap, but the supply in the pockets remained ever the same. In his wild joy he ordered up another bottle of brandy and drank every drop, and he enjoyed all the pleasures without any of the penalties of a drunk.

"He returned to the world; and, to its unceasing surprise, he entered on a career of pleasure and extravagance, compared with which his former efforts were puerile and insignificant.

"With the yachts and the stables, his friends came trooping back, and they resumed their mowing in the meadows of Pleasure with all the improved modern machinery.

"He robbed Vice of her hideousness by the gold and the jewels with which he clothed her. He had hunting boxes in Scotland, salmon preserves in Norway, a chateau in France, and a harem near Smyrna with special agents to search the mountains of Georgia and Circassia for the most beautiful women.

"Men died by hundreds in their effort to keep pace with him, and women shriveled and passed away in the furnace heat of his passions, leaving him still young and with an appetite for pleasure that never palled.

"It would take a volume to describe Sarsfield Gorman's doings during the forty-nine years that followed his meeting with the stranger who had faithfully kept his contract as to the money

supply.

"It was a New Year's night, and Sarsfield, who had been carousing at the Astor House with his friends, was about to enter his carriage, when his attention was attracted to an elderly man of the most benevolent appearance who shivered under a lamp before the hotel.

"Though not addicted to charity, Sarsfield was touched by the man's evident poverty, and, taking a coin from his pocket, he said, as he handed it to him:

- "'You look as if you had seen better days, my friend!"
- "'Alas! yes, sir," replied the old man; 'I was once the richest man in the City of New York.'
 - "'Lost it in gambling, women, etc?' said Sarsfield.
- "'No, sir; thank heaven, I am free from vice, but I found a quicker way to get rid of my fortune than you have suggested.'
- "'Tell me how you did it, and I will put you on your feet again,' said Sarsfield eagerly.
- "He led the old man into the hotel, ordered him a warm supper, supplied him with gold from the magic pockets, and then asked for his story.

"' Eighteen months ago,' said the old man, 'I retired from business with a large fortune, and, as I had no children, my wife and I resolved to spend our money and our declining years in elevating the human race. After consulting with a number of philanthropists and clergymen, it was decided to establish a daily paper whose moral tone and veracity should be in striking contrast with the mendacious and purely mercantile sheets which had been doing so much to foster sensationalism and to make news of vicious acts.

"" We at once secured a large building and put in the necessary plant. Our editor was a doctor of divinity, and all our assistants and reporters had certificates of baptism and were church members. Every item of news was verified and then sworn to before a notary. We ignored police reports and domestic scandals, and made a specialty of church and Sunday-school doings, and by every means tried to make the people look upon the story of goodness as news.

"'Millions of copies were distributed gratuitously, in order to create a demand for our Ethical Record, but the people neither subscribed nor advertised. Up to this time I had no idea of the way in which an unprofitable daily paper could eat into money. In a few months my fortune was gone. The building was mortgaged, and so was the plant. Last week the Ethical Record stopped, leaving me a ruined man.'

"'By Jove!' shouted Sarsfield, 'I'll revive the Ethical Record.'

"He supplied the old man with money, and the very next day he bought the building and plant, re-engaged the doctor of divinity and his corps of assistants, and branched into journalism in a way that startled the city.

"At first the money was abundant, but gradually Sarsfield Gorman found more and more difficulty in getting it out of his pockets. One night, after the *Ethical Record* had been going with its new start about three months, Sarsfield met the stranger who had come to his rescue that New Year's night.

"His cloak was shabby and his mustache drooped.

"'See here, Sarsfield, do you think, after all my kindness, that you are doing the right thing by me? Mark you, I don't object to the *Ethical Record*, but it's rather an expensive luxury to make me pay for,' said the man.

- "'You've got to give me the money, or I'll throw up the contract,' said Sarsfield defiantly.
- "The stranger heaved a sigh that left an odor of sulphur in the air, and vanished.
- "Three months more of the Ethical Record, and six months more till the fifty years ended.
- "Sarsfield had worn out no end of pockets searching for money and finding it harder and harder to get, when, just as he was about to go to bed one night, the stranger appeared in his room, looking shabbler and more angry than before.
- "'There is a limit to my cash,' he began, 'and you have reached it. I could stand yachts, stables, harems, and all that, but I can't find money to keep the *Ethical Record* afloat. Why, I am absolutely without the necessary fuel, and only last night my guests held an indignation meeting and wanted to know if their habitation was Sheol or the north pole. Come, have some mercy on me and stop that paper.'
- "'No, sir; the Ethical Record goes on for six months more!' said Sarsfield stoutly.
 - "'You mean it?"
 - "'I do.'
- "'Then take your blanked old contract!' The stranger dashed the paper on the table and disappeared.
- "Sarsfield at once burned the parchment up, but from that moment his pockets were empty.
- "The next day he stopped the paper, sold the plant and the building, and wisely invested his money in Elevated Railroad stock.
- "After the six months were up he aged very rapidly, his passions died out, and he became a church member and a Son of Temperance. But let the inscription on the monument tell you the rest."

I turned, and read on the granite shaft:

"SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF SARSFIELD GORMAN,

JOURNALIST, PHILANTHROPIST, AND STATESMAN,
Who, in recognition of his purity and probity, was twice elected Alderman of the City of New York."

A. R. CALHOUN.

WATCH AND WAIT.



LOOK adown the busy street
With careless mien and still,
As though no coming footstep fleet
Had power each nerve to thrill.

My gaze an idler seems to be, Yet 'mid the throng doth roam, In eager quest his face to see . Who holds my heart his home.

He cometh not, I grieve in woe,
My joy is merged in fears;
Pride whispers harshly, "bid him go,"—
Love smiles through unshed tears.

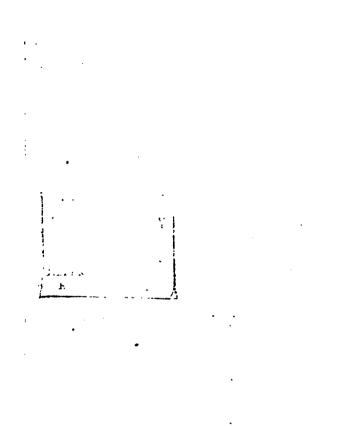
How oft through windows of the soul, Fond eyes down life's long street, Watch for the greeting, beautiful When love and rapture meet.

Oh woman's heart where love doth dwell, 'Twas heaven decreed thy fate, In lesson thou has learned so well, The precept "Watch and Wait."

EMILY THORNTON CHARLES.

Washington, D. C.





STOLEN BAYS.

"MY MARYLAND" A MERE PARODY OF THE OTTOMAN POEM
"KARAMAN,"



GREAT deal of talk has pervaded the press of the country, periodically, during the past twenty years, in regard to the strength and ringing music of Mr. James R. Randall's poem of "My Maryland." A few weeks ago Major Dawson gave a "history" of this poem before the "Maryland Line Confederate

Association," without seeming to possess the faintest knowledge that it is a mere parody of the Ottoman poem "Karaman," It seems strange to me that Mr. Randall, being an honorable journalist, has not long since confessed as much, but allowed his name to go forth among the immortals on the ground that he had written an original poem of great merit, but which is nothing more nor less than a bald imitation of an old and almost forgotten Ottoman verse. In order to set all controversy on this subject at rest, I will, with the indulgence of Editor Forman, give the original entire. Those who have read "My Maryland" will, no doubt, be surprised at Mr. Randall's silence:

KARAMAN.

I see thee ever in my dreams,
Karaman!
Thy hundred hills, thy thousand streams,
Karaman! O Karaman!
As when thy gold-bright morning gleams,
As when the deepening sunset seams
With lines of light thy hills and streams,
Karaman!
So thou loomest on my dreams,
Karaman! O Karaman!

The hot, bright plains, the sun, the skies, Karaman! Seem death-black marble to my eyes, Karaman! O Karaman! I turn from summer's blooms and dyes;
Yet in my dreams thou dost arise
In welcome glory to my eyes,
Karaman!
In thee my life of life yet lies,
Karaman!
Thou still art holy in mine eyes,
Karaman! O Karaman!

Ere my fighting years were come,
Karaman!
Troops were few in Erzerome,
Karaman! O Karaman!
Their fiercest came from Erzerome,
They came from Ukhbar's palace dome,
They dragg'd me forth from thee, my home,
Karaman!
Thee, my own, my mountain home,
Karaman!
In life and death my spirit's home,
Karaman! O Karaman!

Oh, none of all my sisters ten,
Karaman!
Loved like me my fellow-men,
Karaman! O Karaman'
I was mild as milk till then,
I was soft as silk till then;
Now, my breast is as a den,
Karaman!
Foul with blood and bones of men,
Karaman!
With bones and blood of slaughter'd men,
Karaman! O Karaman!

My boyhood's feelings newly born,
Karaman!
Wither'd like young flowers uptorn,
Karaman! O Karaman!
And in their stead sprang weed and thorn;
What once I loved now moves my scorn;
My burning eyes are dried to horn,
Karaman!
I hate the blessed light of morn,
Karaman:
It maddens me, the face of morn,
Karaman! O Karaman!

THE JOURNALIST SOUVENIR.

The Spahi wears a tyrant's chains,
Karaman!
But bondage worse than this remains,
Karaman! O Karaman!
His heart is black with million stains:
Thereon, as on Kat's blasted plains,
Shall never more fall dews and rains,
Karaman!
Save poison-dews and bloody rains,
Karaman!

Hell's poison-dews and bloody rains, Karaman! O Karaman!

But life at worst must end ere long,
Karaman!

Azreel avengeth every wrong,
Karaman! O Karaman!

Of late my thoughts rove more among
Thy fields; o'ershadowing fancies throng
My mind, and texts of bodeful song,
Karaman!

Azreel is terrible and strong,
Karaman!

His light'ning sword smites all ere long,
Karaman! O Karaman!

There's care to-night in Ukhbar's halls,
Karaman!
There's hope, too, for his trodden thralls,
Karaman! O Karaman!
What lights flash red along yon walls?
Hark! hark! The muster-trumpet calls!
I see the sheen of spears and shawls,
Karaman!
The foe! the foe! They scale the walls,
Karaman!
To-night Murad or Ukhbar falls,
Karaman! O Karaman!

I would by no means detract from, or withhold my approval of Mr. Randall's imitative abilities; but who, after reading this poem, will accord him the slightest credit for originality, in considering "My Maryland" as a sample of his genius?

HUGH FARRAR MCDERMOTT.

BERNARD PETERS.



HE capable editor and proprietor of the Brooklyn [E. D.] Times is a native of Bavaria, Germany. He was born Oct. 11, 1827 and came to this country in 1834. His father, and several enterprising uncles were the pioneer German settlers in Washington Co., Ohic. Bernard Peters read law for two years while also act-

ing as a clerk in a dry goods store. Afterwards, with the consent of his father, he studied for the ministry. His first settlement was in Cincinnati, O. In 1856 he went to Brooklyn, where he remained for eight years. He met with marked success in the pulpit, but through too assiduous a devotion to his ministerial duties he broke down his health. During his pastorate there he visited Europe, traveled over the Continent, and spent a winter in Heidelberg attending lectures. He has the studious methods of the great German race, though always accessible to the public, always ready to take an active part in public affairs, and extending a hearty sympathy to all great public movements. In 1864 Mr. Peters removed to Hartford, and it was here that, on the accession of Andrew Johnson to the Presidency after the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, he took such a deep interest in National affairs that, through the persuasion of leading citizens, he was induced to resign his pastorate and take charge of a daily newspaper, the Hartford Post. About 1869 Mr. Peters became associated with Mr. George C. Bennett in the management of the Brooklyn Times, and soon made his influence apparent in the general conduct of the paper. On the 1st of January, 1875, Mr. Peters became sole owner of the Times. Since then its circulation has steadily increased, and the increase has been specially marked during the past two years. Its widelyquoted Saturday edition is noteworthy as an exemplification of the best standard of journalism. Bernard Peters is a good citizen, a worthy, practical man. He is one of those to whom less successful and less brainy men look to develop and utilize that executive force which is necessary to secure private and public wealth.



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Gernard Falers

ASTO IT TILDEN TO TAKE TO THE TILDEN TO THE

COUNTRY NEWSPAPERS.



HERE is a strong and constant inclination on the part of city writers to belittle the country paper, and I must confess that there is some excuse for so doing. When it is found that many country editors are continually using their space to tell the world, so far as their circulation will permit, that they are willing to

exchange that space for gooseberries, cord-wood, potatoes, and other articles, and by dint of constant begging for subscribers and subscriptions in arrears, lead the public to believe that they are to be supported by charity or be removed to the poor-house, the criticism I refer to may be excused in part. But there is another view to be taken of the country papers that is too often lost sight of in the frequent references made concerning them. Leaving aside the instances of advertised beggary by alleged editors who attempt the duties of such positions as soon as they have learned to stick type or have had a piece of correspondence or a tid-bit of humor accepted by some creditable paper, we find many country journals whose editors have a wider experience and a knowledge far more valuable than the city writers who delight to criticise the country press-and depend upon the latter for their ideas and news. Such editors not only know how to set type, but they are competent to manage the business, job, and news departments of their papers, and fill their columns with real news and readable editorial utterances. Their space never goes begging for advertising favors, nor can you find wailing duns for support. A wise disposition of reading matter, which requires experience and judgment to proportion, slowly but surely wins subscriptions, and the neat typography of the paper's pages commands the attention and praise of both readers and contemporaries, until at last the paper is a success in every particular.

Just criticism is healthful and desirable, but, so far as I have seen, I am strongly of the opinion that nearly all the criticism of the country newspaper is neither just nor remarkable as a proof of manliness or intelligence on the part of those who occasionally find it convenient to use it as a subject for filling space in The JOURNALIST or any other paper. Place those self-appointed critics in the position of country editors for a term of one month, and I suspect they would be monumental successes as failures. They might, perhaps, realize that—while the country editor could do their duties on the city press in an efficient manner and be able to do more if required—they practically know nothing of what is required and what is necessary to make the country newspaper a success at home and abroad.

Did space permit, I might give an idea of what constitutes the country weekly, good and bad, and give my reasons in full for thinking that the field is widely different from what we are generally taught to believe. Briefly, the poor country weekly is a venture without calculation or experience. Its editor and proprietor depends upon some patent plate concern to furnish the paper and nearly all the reading at a very low price, by reason of the advertising it can command. He starts out with a large stock of hope and inexperience—which cost nothing, and a small stock of type -which is to be paid for at the foundry out of the funds that his stock of hope will realize after he has blacksmithed the type into babbit and handed the concern over to the sheriff. His ambition is to place his ideas before the public and strut around, like the fabled hen, in a plumage that ill becomes him. He launches out big-in promises and circulation, and trusts to luck for big returns. He has no idea of the questions of the day, and prefers to loaf around the village as "ye editor" and rehash the ideas of reliable papers for his editorials. He makes no study of his business nor the tastes of his readers, and is more likely than not to give them a ceaseless stream of nonsense and stale reproductions, thinking it will be accepted as wit. Because his columns are full, and he manages to get along for a time on his stock of hope, he is willing to think the public is satisfied. It is almost needless to say that such an editor will come to grief and will depart from the village without the regret of any-excepting those whom he owes.

On the other hand, the good country weekly will be found

under the control of a man who has looked over the field he has chosen and calculated in a practical business way what his chances were toward ultimate success. He has given thought to the business he is in, and relies upon his knowledge of it to make his venture a success. He fits himself to the circumstances, bases his rates upon the returns his circulation will give to his patrons, and keeps only a bona-fide circulation. By doing so he is not called upon to make piteous appeals to the public for support or arrearages. The people soon learn that he is doing a business, and act accordingly. He is not at the mercy of foreman or compositor, as he knows when things are done right, and his paper's neat appearance will speak plainer than words can tell of his ability in that line. Instead of moulding over the editorials of city papers, he keeps posted on national affairs and is prepared to give an opinion of his own, and get credit for it if it prove valuable or timely. He is ever on the alert for an idea that will enhance the value of his paper in all departments, and the competent country editor will generally be found to trade the least upon the honors of the position he holds. He knows a good thing when he sees it, is wise enough to give space to departments that will please his readers, although he may have no taste for them himself, and he will carefully note what gives the most satisfaction and be governed thereby. It will not be enough that his columns are filled; they must be solid if need be, and that too with the most important matter. The space is not filled out with slugs and dead patent medicine advertisements, as is too often the case in many weekly papers. Lastly, he will be a sober, honest business worker, or he may possibly fail in the end. But with fair average ability, and a knowledge of the business and of the requirements and needs of the country and county he is to serve and educate, he must eventually command respect and success.

To run a country newspaper is no easy work, and I say this after an experience of eight years in a small locality; and when I see the flippant and ill-natured strictures on the country press as a whole, day after day, I almost become ashamed of the men in the profession who show their ignorance by thus criticising without offering a single suggestion that might prove of service to some who would gladly benefit by honest criticism and bold hints. For one, I hope that those who may hereafter feel it their duty to say something about "Country Newspapers" in The Journalist will have the worthy aim of not alone driving the discreditable papers out of existence, but will give of their great wisdom to those who desire to rise in the profession and make it both profitable and honorable.

LOVETT M. WOOD.

ALBERT, NEW BRUNSWICK.

STELLA.



KE some glad star, that in the lurid night
Through trackless space shoots forth its blaze of
light

To guide the lonely voyager at sea Tow'rd distant haven where his loved ones be, Enabling him to point his course aright,

Shone thou upon me from thy lofty height, Set my sad soul from vague forebodings free, As friendly from afar thou smiled on me Like some glad star.

But all too soon the clouds obscured my sight,
And Fate, relentless, with his hand of might
In darkness cast me, and I no more see,
Through shadows dim which now art hiding thee,
One radiant beam from where thou'rt shining bright
Like some glad star.

SAM WILKESON WISTROM.

HARVARD, CLAY Co., NEBRASKA.

REJECTED.

OU will please find,"

The notelette said,

"Enclosed, my maiden sonnet."

(A ribbon red

The note entwined.)

"And kindly pass upon it."

"Filberts!" he sighed,

And slowly lit

His corn-cob with the sonnet;

Then clipped a bit

Of humor, tried,

About a towering bonnet.

C. V. TEIXEIRA.

MY DEBUT IN JOURNALISM.



you will come over and see Ferguson, right away," wrote my friend, the managing editor of *The Plantation Harbinger*, "I think you can obtain the position of local editor. Charlie Hurd has lit out."

Ferguson was the proprietor of *The Harbinger*, and I was an ambitious telegraph operator eager to enter the journalistic field, so I went in pursuit of him. I met Hurd on my way over and asked him what was the trouble, and where he was going.

"On the Boston Transcript," he answered. "Ferguson does not pay his help."

"Why," returned I, "his managing editor, Mr. Pickett, has just written me a note asking me to go and see Ferguson about the situation you have vacated. He said nothing about bad pay, simply stating that you had 'lit out.'"

"Pickett is in the ring," observed Hurd, significantly, and he hastened in the direction of the Boston depot.

It was with my enthusiasm considerably abated that I entered the presence of Mr. Ferguson. I knew him slightly; his rotund form and genial face, in connection with a stub-tailed horse and Concord wagon, being familiar to about every man, woman, and child in town. He was a person who never wholly lost his aplonb under the most discouraging circumstances, as I afterward learned, and who, under ordinary conditions, was a perfect Chesterfield. It will be a good many years in the future before I shall have forgotten the cordial grasp he gave my hand, and the benignant smile which played upon his lips as he said:

"Mr. Pickett's heart is set upon having you come on our paper as local editor. I have studied with great care such occasional work as you have done for us. It is exceedingly good. I am a man of few words, Mr. Phillips. I like you. I want you to

like me. I do business on the square. I will pay you twenty dollars per week, and you get your cash every Saturday." Afterward I learned that Ferguson never read a line in his paper unless his attention was called to something, and he read it then under protest. I learned a great deal during the next year, but of that hereafter.

"Mr. Hurd said "-

"One moment," interrupted Ferguson, "see you again in a second," and he went to his desk, and making a note for thirty days sent it to the bank. Before I could resume my story about Hurd, Ferguson said:

"I never like to talk about a man behind his back. But here are the facts in a nutshell: Mr. Hurd is a good fellow, sharp writer and all that, but he is extravagant. He has drawn his salary in advance ever since he came here. Yesterday he wanted me to advance him a hundred dollars. I declined, and he is gone, thank fortune! He is a good paymaster who pays when the work is done. I do that. I am willing to pay one or two weeks' salary in advance, but I can't furnish money to everybody who comes along, in quantities to suit-like to accommodate, you know, but it is'nt business, and I am not in a position to do it without cramping myself. Another thing," he went on glibly, "Hurd's wife is afraid of thunder and lightning, and every time a shower comes along, off he goes home-no matter if it's only eight o'clock. Now, the local editor of a morning paper can't go home at eight o'clock in the evening and do justice to the city department. I tolerated this because I wished the man well, but you know how 'tis yourself. There comes a straw one day that breaks the camel's back. and Hurd's constant hypothecation of his salary and his attempts to browbeat me into lending him large sums have done the business for him."

After a great number of compliments on my lively way of writing, and no end of assurances that if a man did not "impose on him unreasonably it was all right," I left the mighty presence with a very high regard for Ferguson, and a very seriously changed heart toward my avaricious predecessor. And if Hurd's rapacity in seeking to do a sort of free banking with his employer hadn't settled

him in my estimation, his habit of going home "in the midst of a murder," as Ferguson said, "if a thunderstorm came up," would have done the business for him of itself. I had engaged myself for one year at twenty dollars per week, and began work the next day. As I had only worked half a week when pay day came I thought it wiser to let the amount lie until the next Saturday than to bother Ferguson about half a weeks' pay, and I did so. As my hours were from seven P.M. to two or three A.M., and as Ferguson seldom, if ever, visited the editorial rooms at night, I did not see him from one week to the other. Occasionally, I visited the countingroom to find it in charge of a supremely saucy boy, who sat on a high stool and shrilly whistled, and who invariably answered the question, "When will Ferguson be in?" with a grunt, which the practiced ear recognized as "Give it up." But though I saw him not, Ferguson sent me numerous kind messages during the week, and finally, at the bottom of one of his pleasant notes, he wrote: "Did'nt see you Saturday; money waiting for you." On receipt of that missive so great was my confidence in his integrity I would have loaned Ferguson a thousand dollars had he asked for it, and I could have raised it. When Saturday arrived I went to the counting-room and ran upstairs with a light step. Ferguson was not in and several persons with anxious faces were in waiting. Tomy question as to when Mr. Ferguson would be in, the shrill whistle grunted as usual, and as I seemed at a loss what to say, he volunteered the remark:

"Don't pay off till two o'clock."

The city clock struck eleven as I passed down stairs and out upon the busy street. I felt very sure about Ferguson, but I had my doubts about the boy, Brooks. He was becoming a thorn in my side with his stereotyped "Give it up," and his disturbing remarks. I was positive he misrepresented Mr. Ferguson, and took advantage of his absence to snub and render uncomfortable not only employees, but also patrons of the paper. I determined to speak to Mr. Ferguson about him and have him admonished—annihilated, if possible.

I returned to the office at five minutes past two o'clock to find the little counting-room crowded with compositors, reporters, press-

men, editors, route-boys, bootblacks, and a great many others. As I peered over the sea of shoulders my eyes caught those of Ferguson. and he shouted, "Make room there for Mr. Phillips." As I approached the desk Ferguson dipped a pen, put his chubby finger against an entry in a large book where he wished me to sign, and, before I had scarcely finished my name, he placed thirty dollars before me. I stepped aside to make room for Dr. Rose, our foreman. who had just come in, but I did not retire, as I wished to consult Ferguson about several matters which struck me as being of vital importance to The Harbinger's welfare. As I stood waiting, I observed that Dr Rose's youthful face wore an expression much graver than I had ever seen there before. I was surprised that no pen was dipped for him to sign with, and that Ferguson requested no one to "Make room for Dr. Rose." The doctor was admitted behind the counter after a few seconds, and Ferguson whispered with him earnestly. Then a ten-dollar note was handed him, and he walked out looking very severe. I saw it all. Dr. Rose had been drawing his salary in advance, and Ferguson would only be imposed upon within reasonable bounds. He had given the doctor ten dollars. which was generous under the circumstances. My heart warmed toward him for his liberality. Next came Henry Ladd, the news editor.

"What can I do for you, Henry?" inquired Ferguson.

"Let me-have twenty," said Ladd; "rent due."

"Sorry, but I can't do it, Henry," returned Ferguson, in the blandest tones imaginable. "Here," he added, "are two dollars in pennies. Now git!" I had no doubt that Ladd had overdrawn his salary by several hundred dollars, and his assurance in coming to ask for money, at all, surprised and pained me.

The next Saturday Mr. Ferguson paid me with less alacrity, and I noticed that he addressed me by my given name. A week later, he said: "Wally, old boy, here's fifteen dollars for you, can't make change any nearer. Hand you the other five Monday;" and upon my third appearance he simply handed me a ten-dollar note, with the observation, "Here you go, Phil, hang up the other ten with that five I owe you on last week."

"But what kind of a way to do business is this?" I asked.

"Oh, run along sonny," said Ferguson, with a smile; "no time to 'yawp' on the day preceding the peaceful Sabbath. Come in any day but Saturday, and we will talk matters up."

I walked out considerably down in the mouth. "Come in any day but Saturday," was refreshing in the extreme. As if I hadn't visited his office day after day to talk about the feasibility of adding another reporter to our force, and been met by that incorriging another, whose 'Give it up' had become a perfect nightmare. Mr. Ferguson was seldom in, though I found during my periods of watching and waiting that very few men were in greater demand.

On making my fifth appearance, as I reached for a pen, my employer said:

"You needn't sign that book, Phil."

"Not sign!" I ejaculated, thoroughly nonplussed.

"No; money about all gone. Have to pay the compositors, or they won't go to work Sunday night—have no paper Monday. You and Ladd, and Rose and Bowers and Thurber, get three three dollars apiece to-day, and that settles your hash. Members of the intellectual department are supposed to work for fame, not money."

He handed me three dollars, and inquired if I would like to go to the Theodore Thomas Concert that evening. Replying in the affirmative, he passed me two complimentary tickets, and dashed down stairs. A moment later he was gathering up the reins, which had fallen under the feet of the stub-tailed horse, and I sat watching him as one in a trance.

"Brooks! Brooks!" called Ferguson.

Brooks made a break in the tune he had been whistling ever since I knew him, and going to the window, responded, "Aye, Aye."

"Charge Phillips with six dollars—three cash, and three for those Thomas concert tickets," said Ferguson, and then he drove away.

To say that I was enraged, as I tore up the street, but feebly expresses the intemperate frame of mind in which I found myself after all this. I soon met Rose and Ladd, and began my tale of woe. They stopped me at once, and said:

"So he's landed you, too, eh? Give us your hand."

I felt that congratulations were by no means in order, but I mechanically put forth my hand, and both shook it warmly. They knew that I had "joined the band of hope."

I staid on The Harbinger as "local," political writer, managing editor, and what not for two years, and with the exception of such payments as I have mentioned, my cash receipts from Ferguson's treasury were slim indeed. Why I remained, I cannot explain. Pickett, who once visited Ferguson with the determination of squeezing fifty dollars out of him, was assuaged with an "order" for a grindstone; but, in the face of asking for money and receiving a stone, Pickett still stuck to the paper, and "salivated the Republican Party," as he expressed it, months and months after his labor has ceased to bring shekels. Rose and Ladd, the ancient and precise ship-news reporter, Mr. Tilley, and many others, were doing the same thing, and wondering at it. There was something in the atmosphere of The Harbinger office which had a mollifying effect on everybody who entered Ferguson's service, and at the end of two months I found myself very well contented with my lot, a popular man around town, and the possessor of more furniture, curtains, cooking stoves, etc., which I had taken from Ferguson or purchased on his "orders," than I knew what to do with. When I had been with him six months I was one day in sore need of money, and sought his office. Luckily, I found him in, and I stated my case with an eloquence that ought to have moved him. But it didn't. He listened patiently until I had closed, and then replied:

"Haven't a dollar; but," pointing to a corner, "there are two hundred and fifty feet of galvanized-iron clothes-line that I took on an advertisement, which I'll sell you cheap."

I retired, heartbroken.

Mr. Ferguson was a man of "orders." There was nothing under the canopy, "from a rotten apple to a locomotive," as he phrased it, which he could not furnish on call or give an "order" for. "I get a man to advertise in *The Harbinger*, as a general thing," he explained, "on the strength of my offering to take my pay out in trade. Then I send you, or Ladd, or Rose, or Bowers, and buy about fifty dollars worth of truck, and I keep on buying so

that I am always shead of that man. He wants to take his advertisement out at the end of three months but he cannot do it, because I am owing him. Had men in this paper several years in just that way. Once in a while a man gets mad, and I have to square up with him in cash, and let him take his advertisement out, but that doesn't often happen."

It happened sometimes, however, when I was present, and it was then that Ferguson's abilities shone resplendent. The reader must have surmised that Ferguson was always short of ready money. He was. So when one of these troublesome advertisers came along and demanded a settlement, Ferguson would meet him something as follows:

"I owe you a balance of \$79.85. I have no money, but I'll give you my note for thirty days. Put it in your bank, get her discounted, and I'll pay the discount. Just as good as cash."

To this the party of the other side would assent, and Ferguson would draw up a note in very pretty shape, and bringing it over would say:

"I've made this note for a hundred and fifty dollars, because I make all my notes for a round sum. You get it discounted, and send me your check for the balance. Here, Brooks, go down with Mr. Blank and bring back a check." And, before the astonished recipient of the note could recover his equipoise, Ferguson would have bowed him out of the room.

Sometimes the men who accepted these promises to pay, and gave checks which could be used immediately, found themselves in a rather embarrassed situation when the notes matured. Ferguson was one of those men who imagined that it added dignity and character to a promissory note to let it go to protest. Thus it would often happen that, after the disaffected advertiser had enjoyed the felicity of paying Ferguson's note, and had visited the whistler fifteen or twenty times without even getting sight of the object of his search, I would receive a letter from Ferguson instructing me to write a third of a column notice puffing the business of the man to whom the note had been given. When this appeared, Ferguson would drive to the store of his whilom customer, and, laying The Harbunger before him, would say:

"It is the biggest kind of a shame that I haven't taken up that note, but I have not had the money. I haven't it now, but if it would give you any satisfaction to kick me, you are at liberty to do it "—and he would present himself for chastisement.

I believe, however, that he was never kicked. After this, the editorial notice, which I had written the night before, would be read as Ferguson's own production, and in nine cases out of ten that one hundred and fifty dollars would be taken out in advertising—and the men thus won over would never desert him. They had met the enemy, and they were his.

Many years have passed since I wrote my last line for The Harbinger, but sometimes, sitting in the twilight, the remembrance of those old days comes back with such startling force that it seems as if the atmosphere of The Harbinger's dingy editorial room was still around me, and I half imagine I see Arthur Bowers, Dr. Rose, Pickett, and all the others, filing up the narrow stairway, thankful for such small favors as the inconoclastic and persuasive Ferguson doles out to them. I do not forget that above the dust of quaintly original Pickett the springtide winds are sighing mournfully, and that the correct and genial Tilley sleeps the deep slumber from which there is no earthly awakening. I know. moreover, that the others are widely scattered; that the thundering press, whose clangor was as music to my youthful ears, is stilled forever, and that The Harbinger's precarious existence is ended. Still. I remember it kindly; for with its life are associated some of the pleasantest episodes in mine. And Ferguson? In the grand cavalcade of life-insurance canvassers he has taken a prominent place. Writing me recently, he said:

"At present I am working and talking that mankind in general may achieve for itself a grand beneficent destiny, by providing for its widows and orphans."

WALTER P. PHILLIPS.



AT THE OPERA.



OW many nights I've watched her there!

I know each jewel's twinkle,
What flowers she chooses for her hair,
What colored gown she likes to wear,
Just what's the latest wrinkle;
And whether she be grave or gay,
I read each chance confession,—
As smiles among her dimples play,
Or leave a rather far-away
And somewhat bored expression.

To-night the curtain's crimson plush
Half tints her foamy laces,
And gives the faintest rosy blush,
As now and then they chance to brush
The daintiest of faces,
When languidly back in her chair
She leans, where she a queen is,—
Her gloves long, à la mousquetaire,
Her gown, elaborate affair,
A poem in pale green is.

Between the acts I watch them troop,
The swarm that always hovers
About her. As they bend and stoop,
I recognize the same old group
Of tireless would-be lovers.
Perhaps 'tis fancy dims my gaze
And dulls my comprehension,
But to their flattery and praise
It seems, from where I sit, she pays
But rather scant attention

Though I may bring her very near
With extra powerful glasses,
The fact remains extremely clear
No lorgnette ever makes me hear
And so the evening passes
In wond'ring what's the sort of things
She likes, and if I met her
I'd lose the charm that distance brings
And find illusion's taken wings.
Or think the change for better?

Or is there one that never seeks
The magic of her glances?—
Or timid one that never speaks,
Despite the blushes on her cheeks?—
Or has she no romances?
And would I join her train, the same
I watch so mildly caper?
Perhaps the candle's worth the game,
Or for the moths about the flame
Naught cares the brilliant taper.

SYDNEY HERBERT PIERSON.



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AN AMERICAN JOURNALIST AND DRAMATIST.



ACING this page of The Journalist's attractive Souvenir is a new and every-way characteristic portrait of one of the most versatile of modern writers. Colonel J. Armoy Knox is equally wellknown in newspaper and theatrical circles; in fact.

it would be difficult to say whether he excels as a literary specialist or as a playwright. However, it is certain that his merit as a dramatic author remains unquestioned, and that he has already taken high rank among those who successfully cater to the taste of amusement seekers. His capital Irish play, entitled "Shane Na Lawn," which he wrote in collaboration with J. C. Roche, is a great favorite, and its principal character, as delineated by the popular comedian W. J. Scanlan, is so original and so strong a creation that it is destined to "hold the boards" (as the familiar phrase goes) for several years to come. During the past two years Mr. Scanlan has been enthusiastically greeted by the most select audiences in the United States. The play has all the wit and "go" of Boucicault's Irish plays, without the aid of the "properties"—the priest, the policeman, and the British despot.

The society play, "Marcelle," in which Kate Forsythe, as the star, achieved an unequivocal success last season, is also from the pen of Colonel Knox. His forthcoming stage triumph is a comic opera, which he calls "The False Prophet." The libretto of this newest of his theatrical ventures has just been completed, and a first representation is promised in New York early next autumn. The music of this opera is by the best known composer in America, Robert Stoepel, whose name cannot fail to give additional lustre to the brilliant work of J. Armoy Knox, and add to his repute as a laughter-provoker.

To speak of Colonel Knox as a journalist is almost superfluous. Where is he unknown? His illustrated humorous paper has long since become a household necessity. Its columns of fun, in



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dialogues, sketches and paragraphs, and its telling grotesque pictures, stamp Texas Siftings as an ever-bubbling fountain of soul-satisfying hilariousness. For nearly six years it has kept in advance of all the comic weeklies. Its circulation has long exceeded one hundred thousand copies each issue, and its popularity is international. Of course there are others—notably Alex. E. Sweet, one of the most prominent humorists in the country—who have had much to do with the success of the paper, but we are writing now about Knox. Twelve months ago it was said in The Journalist that J. Armoy Knox was a man who would become s leader in any enterprise. His paper is a reflex of himself. Its success has been more than a financial requital of ambition and energy. No towering monument could tell a prouder story of labor well directed.

Knox has many amusing eccentricities and peculiarities; but the most remarkable peculiarity is that he is not only a litterateur, but a business man of more than ordinary ability. It is said that he is more proud of his record as a business man than of the literary ability that has made him so well-known.

TO ALLAN FORMAN.



HREE years—almost a "White House term"—
Your sheet has served the scribblers;
Each scoffer at its start did squirm;
You've silenced all such quibblers.

And now the members of the Press Unite their votes to wish you, With every number, more success From "Anniversary Issue."

Our guild, from your subscription-list, Grim Death alone can sever; We re-elect THE JOURNALIST To govern us forever!

J. E. FERGUSON.

BEYOND THE DARK.



HERE are lives which have one object—the solution of a problem. Such was mine. I was more ambitious, though, than my race: I yearned for a greater victory than the subjection of earthly enigmas. For years and years the desire had burned in my blood, and had nourished ever fiber of my brain, to do

what no man had done before me—to tear aside the veil of death and prove the immortality of a human soul. What a glorious secret would be mine! What sublime knowledge, to look beyond the grave and realize that the rigid corpse was bereft of a phantom which hovered in a space I had visited before my time! The secret gained, what could I not aspire to? Thrones of earth? Bah! Supernal vision would make me a supernal being—a God of flesh and bone—a man whose word could disprove or sustain the promise of the Christ. My thoughts were my own; so the world could never call me mad, though one day it might hail me ac—But banish the rewards of triumph and look to its possibilities. I was sadly unlettered for my task; still I but wandered in the same dark abyss as the profound theologian or scientist of humanity. The one believed through the silly eyes of Faith; the other knew only what I in my youth had involuntarily tested.

One morning I had walked by the side of a deep stream, when a sudden slip threw me into its treacherous bosom. I tried to shriek for help, but fright paralyzed my tongue; and once—twice—thrice—I sunk and rose, and then swirled down again, clasped in an oily, suffocating vise. I still remember the visions that flashed before my glaring eyeballs. There were slumberous groves of emerald foliage, bowers of ruby, purple, and yellow blossoms, seas of golden liquid that sent forth throbbing rays, and skies of translucent azure that shimmered with intoxicating light and soothing dusk; but the groves and bowers, and seas and skies, were earthly. There were beautiful faces that beamed with love,

and truth, and virtue, and forms that might have melted honor; but the faces and forms were those of humanity. Then came a dimness, then an opaque flow of inky slime before my eyes. It pierced my brain, and I saw or knew no more.

When I awoke, they told me that I had been rescued at the final moment. Rescued? Aye; rescued from the sights that might have greeted me when the black current that had destroyed my senses and sight lifted once more, after veiling the passage of my soul from life to—what? I raved and cursed them, because they had snatched me from the journey. But fool—the dead men all know the secret; you can only laugh at the tomb before it has claimed you; the knowledge of the hereafter is only a prize to the living.

So for years—aye, scores of years—I starved, and planned, and mused, and nursed my hope; and I was an old man, wrinkled and crabbed with care, when first I met Her. Then she was a tiny child, whom neither a father nor mother claimed, a birdling unconsciously driven by cold and hunger to the deserted rookery where I passed my hours of solitude and despair. I seized her like a giant, I barred and bolted every door and window, I caged her up within my gloomy den; for in her calm yet wondering eye, in the dilating nostrils and mouth of quivering sensitiveness, I saw the expansion of a woman whose soul would cling to truth and virtue while life sustained it. I had secured the subject I had thirsted for. Now for my grand experiment.

She was too young then, however, so I waited for the full-bloomed sense and instincts of maidenhood; and during these long years I perfected my plans. When her mind was full of the universal faith of a Heaven above and a Hell beneath, and her knowledge and practice of the attributes that found salvation perfect, she should die by my hand. Not forever—oh no—only for a brief period. I would crush out from her body every drop of warm blood; I would suffocate her breath and still the beatings of her heart. Then she would be dead to life—her soul would leave its habitation of clay.

A few days would pass. Slowly and gradually I would bring the rose to her lily cheek. I would warm and induce the action of the icy, torpid blood. I would dispel the lethargy of the heart, and she would arise as a creature whose 'spirit had returned from a pilgrimage through the shades of immortality. She would speak, and her soul would disclose its secret—its secret.

So the time drew nigh. She had developed into a maiden of beauty, of grace and tenderness. I had ever treated her harshly, cruelly, with sometimes a blow to hasten the sense of a lesson or precept. Had I have tuned my emotions to love her, I must have failed in my purpose. She adored my own hideous countenance, her face lighted with pleasure at the sound of the rasping croak I called a voice; but she had never seen nor heard another. She was at once my prisoner, slave, and victim, and dead or murdered no one would be the wiser. And to have accomplished the purpose of my life, I would have destroyed fifty.

The months rolled onward slowly enough; but at last—at last the night selected for my experiment came. Outside no moon nor stars shone through the thick black of the sky, and the trees were so many misty forms that rustled and sighed in the gloom. I hastily curtained every window, and limped over to where she sat in the light of the glowing grate. Oh, how I trembled and quivered with excitement! It was the hoarse beating of my breath in the silence that caused her to turn her beautiful face in amazement.

"Roma," I hissed, "you are going upon a long journey."

"A long journey," she repeated, in slow, calm tones of contentment and pleasure; "and where? Am I to leave this chamber and see a little of the place you call the world?"

"No! no!" I shricked; "yours is a more sublime destiny. Your journey is from this earth to the space beyond it. When you return, you will have much to tell me."

She started to her feet in awful terror. Her instinct had given her a crude inkling of my purpose. She saw the gleam in my eyes, and tottered back into the alcove of the chimney, where she paused, breathless and trembling, like a hunted beast. I sprang forward, and with one mighty blow paralyzed the tiny hands uplifted in supplication. Her bitter sobbings I hushed with my bony fingers twined about her neck. Then she sank unconscious in my arms, and I threw her upon the wooden slab I had prepared.



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It was but a moment, to effect the hypodermic treatment of the blood I had studied so deeply and now tested for the first time. Slowly the celor left her cheeks and lips, her brow and hands threw off an icy touch, and when in agonized suspense I pressed my finger to her heart it was still—yes—still. I lit the taper, and, bending down through the gloom, lifted the lids of her eyes, and gave a long, searching glance into them. They were vacant, glassy, with all the muteness of a corpse. She was dead.

I had done my work well, for a rigid mass of clay was all that lay before me. I had dragged a soul forth from its dwelling and hurled it into eternity. Let a few days pass, and I would complete the task. To that corpse I would bring back life, and with life would return the spirit. I would bid it speak and reveal to me its habitation, since I had wrenched asunder the chain that held it in human bondage.

Prostrated, I threw myself upon the floor and sank into a deep slumber. When I awoke it was noon. I dragged myself up and staggered over to the rude slab. I touched her eyes, her mouth, her heart, her hands. Yes, yes; it was assuredly a corpse that lay before me. I took my seat beside her, and never stirred, to eat or sleep, for three long days and nights. Through the dingy window I looked across a desolate stretch of marsh and sandy levels to where the big city sent up its volumes of mist to obscure the light of dawn and hasten the ochre twilight. Beneath the blood-red tint that hovered in the sky o' nights were millions of human beings struggling and panting for breath, for power, and homage; while in their midst-blind, wretched fools-were graveyards, clammy tombs, and horrid sepulchers, that swallowed them up with the cry of victory ringing on their lips. But I- Ha, ha, ha !-They little knew as yet of the decrepid, bleared old creature who would lead them beyond the portals of death and teach them the moral of the hereafter.

How long this fourth day of my vigil has seemed; but the merciful night has come at last, and now for my crowning effort. Patter, patter, over the creaking floor, old man, and noiselessly bar with iron every door and window. Rake the crackling logs till they throw out mighty streams of light that deepen the shadows

in the recesses of the chamber, but envelop her face and form in a flickering, crimson glow. What was that? Nothing, dolt, but the rain-drops tinkling upon the casement. Something more? Perhaps the howling of a cur lost on the lowlands, or the cry of a wild bird blinded by the storm. To the task, old wizard—to the task! I take my lancet and suction tubes and bend over the lovely corpse. One—two—three minutes pass, and the work is accomplished. What of the result?

I stand transfixed, and watch her face with eyes that protrude from their sockets. A moment, and then—it is—a slight twitter convulses her lips. Her limbs tremble and quiver with the returning flow of blood. She lifts her slender white hands to her brow, and presses it like an interrupted dreamer; and then—O joy! O bliss!—she rises up from the slab and stands erect before me.

The firelight deepens the hue of her cheek and beats like gold upon her flowing hair, it strikes like a magnifying lens upon her bare shoulders and arms, and shows the life current streaming and palpitating in every delicate artery.

Hurrah! Hurrah! A king of Earth am I, who have wrested his secret from Death. But be calm, old man; you have yet to learn it. See! She stands calm and motionless.

I clench my fingers to stifle their trembling, and take one long step forward. Her slow gasping breath beats into mine.

"Roma," I whisper tenderly, controlling for the moment the rash promptings of exhilaration, "welcome back from your long journey. Won't you tell me what you have seen?"

She still stands fixed and silent.

"Roma," I repeat, seizing her hand in an awful clench, "tell me—I demand it—tell me where you have been!"

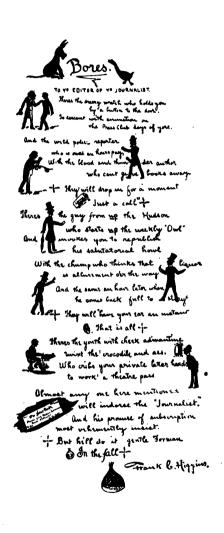
I get no answer.

Bending forward, I give one searching glance into her vacant eyes. Then I totter back with a wild shriek of agony.

My Roma I have brought back to life.

But that is all!

WALTER STEPHEN MURPHY.



AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A GOOD STORY.



HE train was whirling around curves, and rushing over bridges, and through cuts at the rate of sixty miles an hour, when I generated in a commercial drummer's conceptive brain. I then flowed tranquilly through the cavity in his head, called a mouth, and became a full-fledged story with a

point, and entertained a newspaper reporter, who sat directly opposite my father, or mother, whichever is most correct under the circumstances.

I was pronounced good, and laughed at most vulgarly for several seconds; but, nevertheless, was greatly pleased by the merriment I had occasioned; because, although I was yet, virtually speaking, a baby, I knew my mission in life was but to provoke laughter.

Immediately after my point had been reached, I floated ceilingward, and nestled myself in a cloud of cigar smoke, through which I had a chance to observe my surroundings. I found them to be somewhat scrumptious. The apartment was in a Pullman Palace car, which the two mentioned persons monopolized. Just outside the door, stood the colored porter apparently intent on polishing a pair of boots; but I knew by the look in his eyes, that I had affixed a healthy germ in his burglar-proof cranium, as well as in the brain of the drummer where I had been conceived.

The reporter had just finished a tale which I knew to be no longer callow, because the drummer didn't laugh much, and the porter's eye didn't twinkle. On the contrary, he exercised more labor on the boots and looked mournful.

"Just tell me that last one over again," said the scribe. "I want to remember it." I felt myself once more unwound, to the seeming amusement of both listeners.

A lull in the conversation followed. Presently I became aware the drummer had hit upon a new idea, when bang!—crash!— bang!—bang! broke in upon the uniform roar of the train. If I had been a mortal I should have been frightened, but as it was I only found myself a bit inquisitive. The train had met another train manœuvring in an opposite direction on the same track, and the expostulations as to which of the two was properly entitled to the right of way, caused the commotion. The unfortunates, few in number, were gotten out of the wreck and attended to by a doctor, who chanced to be on the train, and uninjured. My possessor, the reporter, had his leg fractured, but being blase, took it cooly, and after being made as comfortable as possible, scraped acquaintance with the unfortunate beside him (an actor with his ankle out of joint), and told me. My latest hearer smiled painfully, murmured "Ha! that's good," and I left another germ in the actor's brain.

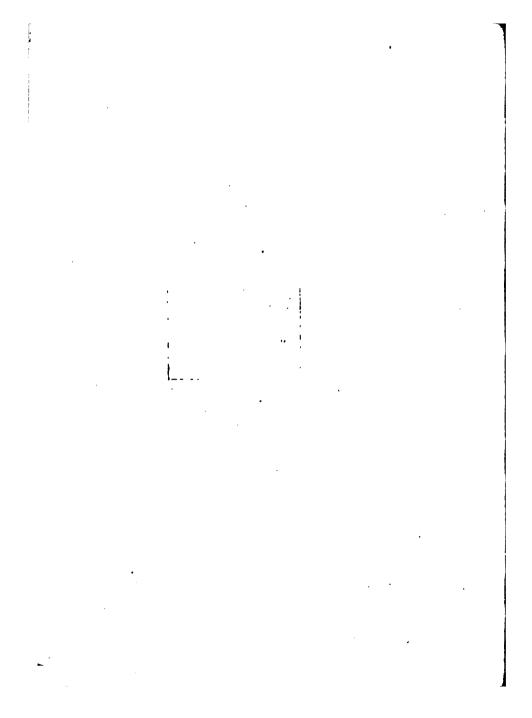
Two hours later a rescue train had arrived on the track, and the unfortunates, along with their happy associates, were installed in its cars. In the mean time I had been imparted to the doctor, a jolly little man who in the carriage en route from the depot to his residence, told me to his wife, middle aged, but fond of fun. She brooded over me, smiling now and then, and the next evening at a reception, I was transferred to the debutante, just eighteen, who blushed slightly at my naughtiness, and laughed quite a little.

Thus I made my advent into society, and ere the evening closed, I was whispered about in the dining hall, the conservatory, and the smoking-room. At 2 a.m., I found myself in the possession of a typical French beauty, who adored fiction.

Some three or four years passed by. Father Time, was watching his protégée, 1887, mature into bright Spring days and Sunday School excursions, when I found my germs had generated with such amazing rapidity, that they were now becoming stale. In fact so fast were they sown, that I have now developed into a worm-eaten and mildewed outcast of the sons of Italy.

HAL HOMISTON.





THE SUCCESSOR OF THE MOUTH.



ROGRESS demands an artificial organ, or invention, which shall record the thoughts, mental imagery, and operations of the brain. The mind discusses an entire topic while the mouth is expressing or the pen inscribing the first sentence. The stenographer cannot be dictated to with sufficient rapidity.

Busy thought exhausts its topics in rapid succession and vainly endeavors to impress them on the organs of memory, which the human race has never cultivated as highly as it seems possible, and never can cultivate sufficiently. A common occurrence is to lose the most brilliant part of a topic and the pith of an argument, owing to the fatal lack of a recording instrument. We do not know what the particular thing is which creates thought. We can surmise that some force sends it flashing through the brain. Nature, after all, uses simple means in its operations. Whenever a law or principle is discovered, it is found to be simple enough; so simple even, that for ages it had been unnoticed. Without attempting to discuss what the power is that underlies thought or the one which transmits it, we need not be surprised if it should one day be demonstrated that life is some kind of an electrical battery, the nerves the wires, and the brain the key.

As an illustration, Mr. George Francis Train serves the purpose and will not take offense if his case is truly demonstrated. Mr. Train has, in times past, shown himself a very learned man. Suppose his case has been generally misconceived. Suppose that while his mouth has been uttering one sentence his mind has finished its topic and begun another. In his addresses he seldom delivered more than several sentences of one topic. He has uttered many brilliant ideas, and others that were incomprehensible because they were incomplete. It is possible that his mind, or any mind for that matter, in a tenth of a second may have spanned a million years, a universe of space, a myriad of topics. This last sentence, perhaps, expresses quite accurately the trend in the

mental evolution of man. But returning to the illustration, it would follow that, failing to keep pace with his mind, his organs of speech could only pass from one topic to another, giving a sentence of each and never completing their discourse. It does not seem possible to conceive Mr. Train (and others like him) as a victim of mental aberration, when plainly he lacks only in an organ of communication or expression. If this line of argument be correct, we have here a solution of one of the most remarkable phenomena of the human intellect.

It is a noticeable fact that many of the most illustrious scientific men write in a hopelessly involved style: in brief, very bad English. Many of this class of men are unable to retain the appearance of a landscape in their minds, or anything seen, because, as Francis Galton has shown, their mental imagery has been destroyed by hard study. It would seem that the same cause operates on their minds more or less in other ways. The wealth of learning has been lavished on many of them, but their minds, which cannot retain the appearance of things as seen by the eyes, are also unable to stop for the pen to inscribe their thoughts in proper English. The "Philosophy of Style" of Herbert Spencer is, perhaps, the only perspicuous work that great author of creative thought has written. There is no fault to find with his grammar, but his other works are hopelessly incrassated. When he wrote the "Philosophy of Style" he bent all his energies to make a perspicacious example. When writing his other great works style was relegated. Some of his sentences contain 2,000 words, hopelessly entangled. In truth, inscription is a work which should be relegated to mechanism, so that the only duty of the thinker would be to think. The most valuable thoughts slip away never to return. If some instrument might be devised which should take thought directly from the brain as rapidly as it is produced, an actual being of a higher order than man would be evolved. We cannot hope for the complete mental evolution of man until the inventor liberates the ocean of lost thought.

The dream forcibly illustrates the subject matter. In a brief half second one dreams a life-time of imaginary events. The dream may be defined as true mental imagery. One seldom consciously thinks in a dream. He sees. The reason the dream cannot be re-

called by most people is because their minds have never been trained to retain mental imagery, and there is no artificial instrument to make the record for them.

Man alone is not lacking in a perfected organ of communication. Evidently the domestic animals understand our speech but have no means of communication to us. That they think and reason proportionately with man is apparent, if from no other cause, from the fact that they have brain. This substance is observable from that in the microscopic speck of the ant up to the tiny portion in the turtle, thence to the acute and well-packed head of the hound, on to the elephant, and finally to man.

It is silly in any one to deny the existence of mind in the lower animals, for clearly there are different grades of mind co-existent, from the finite of the lowest creatures to the almost infinite in man. Instinct, which is a term often expressing a species of superstition in man, rather than a function of the animal, is as apparent in the human species as in the lower orders. Dr. Thomas Brian Gunning, the pre-eminent dental surgeon of New York, tells me of a lady whose ancestors were Frenchmen two centuries ago. She came to him for treatment. She could not speak a word of French in her normal state of mind, yet when under the influence of chloroform spoke only and fluently in that language. Here is a true case of instinct. To denominate as instinct, acts in the lower orders which man only accomplishes by the process of reasoning, is nothing less than mulish obstinacy and unworthy of the human race. Instinct ought to be defined as any characteristic inherited, either by man or lower animal, and there dropped. Indeed, the term "inheritance" should have made the word "instinct" obsolete when the world emerged from the dark ages. We may depend upon it, Nature is just as busily creating a mental evolution in the lower as in the higher orders. Her law has "progress" as its chief motto, and that term expresses exactly what we see around us among the lower animals.

Our domestic animals now are in many respects far superior to the savage. Some of them are as learned as Aristotle,* and few

^{*}Aristotle was the first man, so far as we know, who attempted to explain the phenomena innature. But he looked for mythical rather than natural causes, as, for instance, when he states that cels are born of worms produced by the mud. However, although he got nothing correctly, he opened the way for the genesis of the theory of evolution.

means to express their knowledge in more ways than one. Some of our children ten years old would stand out as shining lights in such an age as Aristotle's. If, then, the same forces are working to produce thought in the lower animal as in man, the deficiency in organs of communication and record is most deplorable. The gulf between man and mammal is filled with ages of silence, ages of glances from the poor brute untranslated, and ages of awful and silent protest of the weaker at the war of extermination by the stronger. So far as the lower animals are concerned, man is responsible for their silence. He himself could not speak at one time, when in the savage state, so that the function of the mouth after all was originally for eating. But through long ages of training he struggled out of silence and darkness into the present deficient method of communicating thought. During all this time he has never helped the lower animals to learn his method of speech. Given the same training and care, and every animal with a mouth could talk. Talking is not an instinct nor an inheritance. The child left to itself cannot speak. It has to be taught speech. So with the lower animals. They are still untaught children, and if it took all of the next thousand years to teach them a method of communication, man ought to begin the work to-day and let his descendants finish it.

He is either stupid or thoughtless who says that "there is nothing new under the sun." The world in all of its existence up to the present century did not possess so much knowledge in toto as is evolved in a single decade of the present. There was but little utility in what knowledge mankind formerly possessed. In plain terms, the accumulation of one year's new knowledge to-day is equal to and of more utility than the total of the thirty centuries previous to the year 1800. Hence it is that the hands as organs of inscription, and the mouths as organs of communication, are totally inadequate to deal with the stupendous wave of knowledge that annually throbs the sum total of brain and is but partially recorded.

WILLIAM HOSEA BALLOU.

MY SWEETHEART.

N the fading sunlight mellow,

Where the buttercups so yellow,

In their golden mazes deck and dot the meadows green;

Where the honey bees search over The sweet-scented fields of clover,

I am waiting for the coming of my heart's true queen.

Tis her gentle voice low calling,
'Tis her dainty footsteps falling,
And their music sweeter far is than all Nature's song;
Mine her rosy lips now presses,
Dark locks mingle with bright tresses,
And with clasping hands we roam and while the hours along.

In the evening's calm and glory,
Tell I softly the strange story
Of the soaring eagle yielding to the timid dove;
But my darling does not wonder,
Naught her loyal faith can sunder,
For the guiding spirit of her life is trusting love.

Now the owlets shrill cries utter,
Pale the fire-flies gleam and flutter,
Grows the gloaming darker, and the shadows hover nigh;
And my queen, my winsome fairy,
In my loving arms I carry,
For my sweetheart scarcely five is, and past forty I.

MARINER J. KENT.

LITTLE PATCH.



HEN John Jourdan was Superintendent of Police it was his habit to go wandering around town at all hours of the night, in order to ascertain how the men on post in the various precincts did patrol duty. Naturally of a sociable nature, he frequently invited

me to take a stroll with him on these nocturnal inspections. We met with some novel adventures during these wanderings, on one occasion discovering a burglary and assisting in the capture of the thieves, and on another we were both arrested by a zealous patrolman as suspicious characters, and I shall never forget the astonishment of the officer on discovering that he had arrested the Chief of the Police Department.

One night we started from the Central Office and sauntered up Broadway. Near the corner of Thirteenth Street he noticed the figure of a little girl asleep in the doorway of a store.

"See that little thing," said he. "She's lost."

Stepping up to the child, Mr. Jourdan woke her, when she looked at him in a dazed way and then began crying.

"Why don't you go home?" asked the Superintendent.

"'Cause I haint got twenty cents," was the reply, accompanied by a sob.

"Twenty cents! What do you want with twenty cents?" asked Mr. Jourdan, surprised, for the child was scarcely six years old.

"If I didn't hev twenty cents they'll beat me."

"Oh, I see," said the Police Superintendent. "She's a street beggar."

Then taking a ten cent postal note (for we had not yet reached the era of resumption) he deftly ripped a hole in the bit of paper with his thumb nail, and giving it to the child, told her to go home. With a cry of joy the child took the money and scuttled off as fast as her little legs could carry her.

"We'll follow her," said Mr. Jourdan.

Into Fourth Avenue, down as far as Tenth Street, thence to

Second Avenue and up to Fourteenth Street, afterwards through different streets, the little girl threaded the path taught her, finally halting in a dismal neighborhood near the East River, and entered a wretched tenement. Mr. Jourdan sent me to find an officer while he followed the child. When I entered the tenement house with the policeman we found the Superintendent sitting at the head of the top staircase. To my surprise he took a bit of wax candle from his pocket and lighted it.

"She went in there," said he, pointing to a room. "Officer, push in the door."

It was the era of bond robbers, and the policeman evidently believed that he was assisting in an important case. Putting his big shoulder against the door, he flung it back, and we entered. Two old crones were sitting at a table counting money. At a bound Mr. Jourdan reached the rickety table and laid his hands on the money, finding among it his marked note. In a corner the little girl sat on a heap of old gunny bags with two boys about her own age, all three devouring some mouldy crusts. The old hags were sent to the Island, and the boys committed to the care of an institution, but Little Patch (as she was nicknamed by the policeman), remained at the Central office because she babbled about green grass and pretty flowers. As it was quite evident the child had come from the country, we newspaper reporters wrote full descriptions of her and the circumstances under which she came into the custody of the Police.

A few days after, a man, plainly dressed, and evidently a mechanic, entered the office of the Superintendent, his eyes haggard for want of sleep, and restless in his demeanor.

- "I've come for my Allie," said he, abruptly.
- "Your Allie? Who's she?" asked Mr. Jourdan.

"Why, my Allie, my little Alice, the girl with the golden hair, the one the newspapers call Little Patch. She's mine, and I've come for her." Mr. Jourdan leaped to his feet as he touched a bell and gave an order to the messenger. In a few moments the child entered the room, the man fell on his knees, held out his hands, a dark flush coming into his face as he cried, in a tremulous voice:

"Allie!"

The child looked about her in apparent wonder when she first entered, but when the man spoke she turned towards him, a glad look of recognition illumined her infantile face, and she sprang towards the kneeling man crying:

" Papa!"

The Superintendent and the few spectators he had called in wiped their eyes as the poor little waif lovingly nestled in the arms of the strong but trembling man, for it was one of those touches of nature which makes the whole world kin.

The father then told us that little Alice had been stolen from his home in a Connecticut village, some two months before, and he spoke of the joy that would enter that home on his return, with a gladness in his voice that was contagious.

Alice is now a happy wife and mother, and has often listened to the story of her narrow escape from a life of shame and degradation, and the memory of John Jourdan is sacred to her as she clasps the little ones about her own knee.

GEORGE F. WILLIAMS.



LOST



EARS ago I loved a maiden in whose eyes I found my glory,

And whose golden tresses held my heart immeshed as in a net.

While her gentle smile emboldened me to tell the old, old story,

With an answering gleam of tenderness I never can forget.

Happy were the days that followed as we rambled on together,
Each unfolding to the other dreams and fancies all too fond—
Airy visions gay and lightsome as the joyous summer weather—
Both unconscious of the parting that lay 'waiting us beyond.
Oh, love! little love! how the memories throng to sadden,
Sweeping o'er me like a sullen, surging tide!

Ah, how eagerly I'd barter all that time has brought to gladden

Ah, how eagerly I'd barter all that time has brought to gladden For a day amid the clover with you, darling by my side!

Slipped away the golden summer, and the chill of bleak November Fell upon the smiling valley, swept with sleet its sunny bowers; And as lifeless ashes quench the fire within the glowing emoer, So the blighting blasts destroyed her and she fadeth with the flowers.

As the snowflakes fluttered downward and the wintry day was waning,

Where the shiv'ring willows tossed their naked arms in dreary moan,

While the distant booming billows shricked aloud in fierce complaining,

She was hidden from my yearning eyes; I turned away—alone!
Ah, love! little love! why have you died and left me—
Stricken sadly in thy youth and beauty's pride!

Death alone can still my longing for the joy of which he reft me— May he quickly bear me o'er the gulf and lead me to thy side!

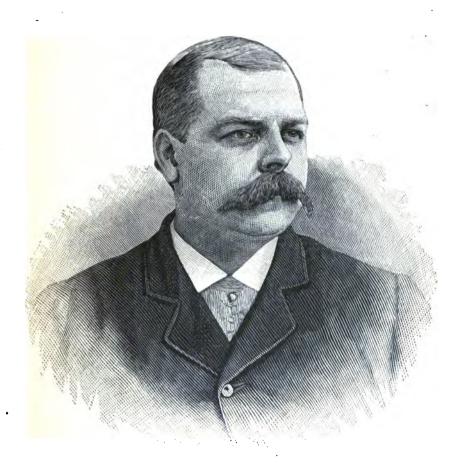
JAMES KIRKER BAGLEY.

JAMES W. SCOTT.



I has been lately written: "Undoubtedly the second journal in Chicago in point of influence and popularity is The Herald, a two-cent paper, which is making a great deal of money. Not much cash was ever spent on it, and its success has been almost phenomenal. It is the New York Sun of the West, lacking the Sun's

weaknesses, but also failing to possess many of its prototype's strong features. The strength of The Herald lies in its editorial astuteness, its independence and at the same time its fairness, in its close attention to home news and gossip, its special features of local interest and its model business management. Its Sunday edition is probably the most popular paper in Chicago. The Herald was started by a coterie of young journalists, who made a success from a professional point of view, but lacked the money to carry their venture long enough to reap the reward. But this is nothing new in the history of newspapers. The Herald excels in the local field, and has a larger circulation in Chicago and immediate suburbs than any other morning paper." The head and front and boomer of this success is James W. Scott, business manager of the paper, and known and respected throughout the entire country as President of the United Press. Our portrait is a truthful fac-simile of one who may be said to have been born to the newspaper business. His father, long in journalistic harness, was his preceptor. When the younger Scott was only twenty-one years of age, he owned the Huntingtonian in Prince George's County, Md. It was a Republican organ in a Democratic stronghold. In two weeks he swung it into line as an Independent and elected a Republican legislator. He bought the National Hotel Reporter, in desperate straits, in Chicago, put it on its feet and owns half of it to-day. Then he took hold of the Chicago Herald, and its great advance attests his longheadedness and skill. The paper is but seven years old, and occupies a leading place among the moulding powers of the community in which Mr. Scott is best known.



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A BIRTHDAY GIFT.



O ho, brave little JOURNALIST,
I quite like your manly ways,
I think, too, you have sense enough
To endure a little praise.
You hold your head so jauntily,
While with all you look so sage—
One can't do less than just confess
You're a great boy for your age.

Let me see, this is your birthday—
You were born three years ago,
And you have not died in teething,
Though prophets would have it so.
You've got through your vaccination,
And your whooping-cough is gone,
Now, don't catch cold, and never scold,
For there's metal in your tone.

A present—yes, I've been thinking— You expect a gift, of course, Well, master, I've brought it with me, 'Tis a load for any horse, What do you think of good wishes From sources many a score? Look at this pile, 'twill make you smile, As you never smiled before.

I can't say which is the biggestMine a whopper is, I know,
The rest are pretty much like it—
Just listen and hear them go.
May your journey list be pleasant,
As you make our journeys here,
And while you steam along life's stream,
May your journals keep in gear.

THE JOURNALIST SOUVENIR.

May every honest well-wisher
(After paying what is due)
Wear a cap like Fortunatus,
So his wishes may come true.
May your friends outcount the letters
That bedeck your birthday sheet—
You will know when I get my cap
By the rush on Nassau Street.

WM. LYLE.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

THE WRENS.

A TRANSLATION FROM THE FRENCH.

[See Frontispiece.]



UR nest we'll build, for April clad in green,
Bedecks with buds the boughs of every tree.
Upon this ancient trunk our home shall be
Made out of grass with circling vines between.

For thy frail brood, the fairest ever seen,
A fitting cradle shall be and for thee!
And I will lighten all thy toil in glee
By bringing to the nest the food I glean.

There thou wilt sit my love in happy rest,
Till 'neath thy snowy wings and loving breast,
Breaking the shell, our little ones appear.

When red October paints the woodlands o'er, Our little household, grown into a score, Will sing the glories of a dying year.

EDNA SANDFORD.

A COLOMBIAN JOURNAL.



HE first time I ever heard of the United States (now the Republic) of Colombia, I was in North Carolina. There was no atlas procurable, and I made the absurd mistake of thinking it was Uruguay. It is scarcely necessary to say that when I arrived in Sabanilla on the Atlas steamer "Alene," Capt. Sei-

ders, I found out that the United States of Colombia was in the Northern part of South America, between Venezuela on the East and Chili and Peru on the West. If any of my readers have as loose geographical ideas as I had then, a glance at the map wil show them that I know better now.

Having been a newspaper man for some fourteen years before I went to South America, my greatest curiosity was to see Spanish papers, and to learn something about the men on them and how they were made up. My ambition was certain'y laudable, but I was met by a difficulty of which I had never thought, and I might have done so because it is really perfectly apparent. I did not understand Spanish well enough to read the papers I got hold of, and a critical examination, from a journalist's stand-point, of a newspaper when you neither understand nouns, adjectives, verbs, or the other parts of speech, is the most hopeless job I know of. I finally did get to the point that I could about half read what was written, and I had the great pleasure of meeting some of the gentlemen connected with the press in Colombia. And let me say here, that any journalist will find the same good-fellowship among the members of the craft there that he can reckon on in any country which I have been in.

A Colombian newspaper is curiously different from those we understand. It consists chiefly of editorials, essays, poetry, and stories. The story, which is generally a continued one, is published like those in the French papers. It always occupies the lower part

of the first page. The editorials are often upon subjects connected with literature and music, but art seems to be left out in the cold. The political editorials are somewhat tame in the opposition press. but always flery in those papers which are supporting the Government. It may easily be believed that the gentlemen who are "agin the Government" are quite as strong in burning words as are their confreres, but the fact that an incautious statement may subject them to imprisonment has, possibly, the effect of a wet blanket. The essays—I can find no better word—are a good deal like graduation productions of the same genus in a normal school. "The Genius of Shakespeare" appears in Colombia as "The Wit of Cervantes." Poetry is given far more space than it is with us. It is only right to say, though, that the poetry is of a higher general average than that which we, in this country, can get hold of. I am somewhat of the opinion that this may be owing to the language. but I have neither the space nor the ability to discuss the question which this suggests to me.

The news, which we think of primary importance, seemed to me to be the last thing thought of. One instance will illustrate what I mean. I was in Medillin, the capital of the State of Antioquia, when what was called the "Aquerdo" was passed by the General Government at Bogota, the capital of the country. The "aquerdo" was what we would call a platform for the new constitution of the whole country. There is a telegraph line between Medillin and Bogota, yet no one of the three daily papers in Medillin had even a line about this "aquerdo" until it came by mail. To understand what this means, suppose that after the Civil War in the sixties it had been proposed to radically change the constitution of the United States, no New York or Chicago paper had a line about the new resolutions until the post-office brought them to it.

It must be said that there are many clever men writing for the Colombian press, and that the work which they do would reflect credit upon any of the journalists whom I have seen.

ALFRED BALCH.

BROOKLET, ECHO, AND BOY.



N the side of a mountain a Brooklet ran,
In the heart of the mountain an Echo dwelt,
And the Brook for the Echo a great love felt,
And the Echo had loved her since time began.

O'er her pebbly bed, with a tinkling "tang,"
The Brook to her Echo sweet lays would sing,
And the love-lorn Echo he mimicked each thing,
Ev'ry sound she made, ev'ry song she sang.

A bad Boy lived in the valley below,
And the song of the Brooklet charmed him not;
Though the innocent Brooklet harmed him not,
He vowed that he'd stop her from singing so.

One morning he climbed to that part of the mount Where the Brooklet her songs to the Echo sang, And into the water he quickly sprang, And heaped large stones in the bed of the fount.

"Oh! what would you do?" said the frightened Brook
"I'm going to dam you," the Boy replied.
He waited, and "D— you!" the Echo cried,
In a tone so loud that the mountain shook.

With a terrified shriek the bad Boy fied;
The Brook leaped over the stones and ran,
And "Marry! I'm free!"—to thank Echo she 'gan
"To marry I'm free," he replied. They were wed.

CHARLES B. LOOMIS.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

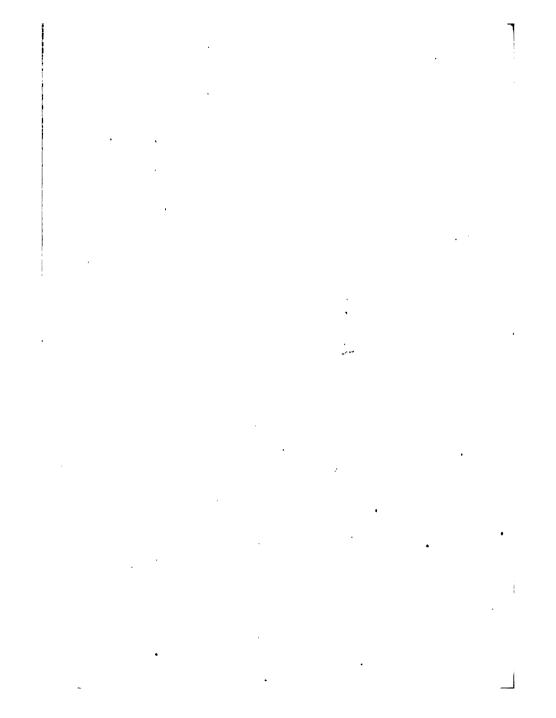
WALTER P. PHILLIPS.



HE UNITED PRESS is so closely identified with the name and honestly-earned fame of this gentleman, that it is impossible to write of the best-organized news bureau in the world without praising its general manager and his efficient work. Mr. Phillips is yet in the vigor of young manhood. With a

varied experience in newspaper life, his indomitable will, ceaseless energy and administrative force have enabled him, in a very few years, to break down the strongest opposition of former rivals and to place THE UNITED PRESS first in the affections of America's most prosperous dailies. He was favorably known ten years ago as a trusted lieutenant of the late James W. Simonton, having had charge of the Washington office of the Associated Press. A condensed history of what Mr. Phillips has accomplished since he took charge of THE UNITED PRESS can be found in the news columns of The Journalist, week after week, almost from the beginning of its publication as a mirror of American newspaper enterprise. From every section of this land of live and progressive journalism, flattering commendations of the excellent wire service furnished by WALTER P. PHILLIPS have come to our office. and by almost every mail. We have reprinted this unstinted type commendation, because it was no more than THE UNITED PRESS and its wide-awake, capable and energetic general manager deserved from each morning and evening paper on the growing list. In manner and method, THE UNITED PRESS is to-day preferable to any competitor. It gets the news first and delivers it quickest and in best shape. The bureau which Mr. Phillips has so solidly built up will be enduring. Its greatest successes in the past will be eclipsed by more wonderful achievements in the future. Walter P. Phillips is as alert as he is sagacious. His vigilance and unflagging industry are the powerful levers which have raised THE UNITED PRESS to a position at once enviable and unrivaled. He worked intelligently and won his way sturdily.





CUPID.

ICK," "click," "click," as the types dropped into the stick. The paper was late, and I, filling the high and responsible position of foreman of a Western country journal at the low and irresponsible salary of five dollars a week, was hurriedly setting up a few paragraphs of reprint to "fill in" at

the foot of a column, when a squeaking door—the doors of all country newspaper offices squeak, as if to amend for the editor's failing to do so—announced the arrival of a visitor. I did not intend to look up from my work; just glance at the intruder while my hand went to the "fi" box, but when in that glance I caught the face of the visitor, involuntarily my stick went down to the case.

The form before me was striking in the extreme. A tall, young chap of about the age to allow him to be called a man, lifted a slouch hat and revealed a profuse growth of hair, combed straight back from his forehead; a rolling collar of a dirty woolen shirt met by a knotted slik kerchief of uncertain color, completed the setting of a clean cut, bony face, interesting in its expression, and yet made ludicrous by a scarcely definable hauteur not at all in keeping with the soiled, antiquated garments which clothed the lower portion of his body, and which were noticeable alike for the loose manner in which they fitted the body, and the exactness with which the man fitted them.

I scarcely had time to see all this when he pushed to my case a poorly-cut card, inscribed with—

D. W. A. L. BODEN,

of Douglas College, Douglas County.

And then he spoke, and as he did so visions of every parliamentary and legislative body I had ever dreamed of rose up before me. Such a voice! Every element of a statesman and orator was found in each word that poured forth; and his gestures, accents and bearing—the retreating head and protruding breast, proclaimed acquaintance with oratorical study.

"Sir, my preceptors at Douglas College, Douglas County, have recommended to me the printer's trade as a suitable occupation to furnish the means necessary to enable me to continue my education. I, too, recognize in the press the accessory of my chosen profession, and if there is an opening on your staff I would desire to learn the art preservative of arts."

That was his speech, word for word. He had mistaken me for the editor—how my heart heaved—and wanted a job. Just then the boy who generally performed that part of the work was missing, so on my own responsibility I engaged the aspirant staff artist to ink the forms and, begging pardon of his Satanic majesty, play the "devil" generally.

He was not discouraged at the low beginning, in fact, he appeared to like it, and all day while the Archimedian lever, which moves the world, as well as a great number of worldly phases, was jerking me around the "bank," the new staff member was deluging me with maxims, truisms and volumes of paragraphs appropriate to small beginnings and the proverbial large endings.

Such was the introduction of Daniel Webster Abraham Lincoln Boden to the office. It was not many days before this superfluity of name was blue penciled down to "Cupid," and as "Cupid" he was ever after known to the deponent, as much to his own seeming pleasure as to our convenience.

As my acquaintance with the new "devil" grew, my interest in him increased, and I soon began to know him as a genius, and he was the greatest genius that ever depended on a Websterian crown of hair and Byronian collar to win him fame. He combined more lofty desires, high aspirations, and exalting self-assurance, with the least ability, than any person I have ever known.

He had grown, indeed, with the idea that he was an unusually great man—possibly a common failing—and carried this idea into every conversation. That he was destined for a bright literary star he had no doubt, and yet I never knew of a single line he ever wrote, except of his own life. He carried the air and believed himself a literary man, and in my presence never uttered an original idea nor attempted, during his connection with the paper, a line of copy, and yet every moment his mind was not occupied with his

work he was reciting to the force—myself—speeches of Webster, Clay, or Patrick Henry, recounting Boswell's anecdotes of Samuel Johnson, or reading from memory entire chapters from the "Calamities of Authors," or talking incessantly about his own future and expectations.

Press day was Cupid's especial delight. Hour by hour would he go over the speeches of his favorite authors, generally, at my earnest solicitation, in a subdued voice, at other times accenting vociferously, and when the roller reposed on the ink-stone gesticulating frantically.

My efforts to break down his wildest expectations were received as open compliments. Nothing could turn him from his course nor reduce his confidence in his coming triumphs. From hints thrown out at various times I began to see his hopes pointed to the Presidential chair, but whether his voice or pen was to bring him the worship of the people, I do not believe he was clearly decided.

One evening after a day in which his thoughts seemed to dwell more on authors and their "calamities," Cupid invited me to visit him at his room.

I complied, as much to humor him as to satisfy my own curiosity. Ascending some rickety stairs I reached his garret—he had hunted all over the small town for a garret, as all his "calamities" were set in garrets, and Cupid laid down a yellow volume and bade me welcome. The room was poorly lighted, furniture disordered, and the cold univiting. It combined, as poorly as circumstances would permit, all the enforced objectionable features of his friends, the "calamities."

After a few minutes I spent in looking at his treasured literature, and Cupid in making the room still more uncomfortable, he startled me with the proposition:

"Let's talk like Samuel Johnson. If you were on terms with but one other man, what is the first question you would ask?"

On my failing to encourage him farther in such, he produced what he called the work of his life. It was his autobiography. He had spent weeks in its preparation, he informed me, and expected it would some day be eagerly sought by literary people. He confided in me, the only one who knew of its existence, because he

expected to leave me the manuscript to edit and publish after his death.

Cupid grew proficient in the trade; his "string" measured length for length with mine when we separated—he to seek other fields for the unraveling of his fate and acquire the fame it held, I to take a "sit" on a paper farther West.

A year had elapsed before I heard from him. His letter was a request for a small loan. He had borrowed some money on his library—a half-hundred yellow volumes of the Websterian age—and needed the money to redeem them. The letter was typical of Cupid. More "calamities" and hints as to valuable autographs, Poe's debts, and the like.

It was the last I heard from him personally.

Another year, and word reached me that his eccentricities had culminated in his marrying a woman old enough to be his grand-mother. I knew then that it was because Samuel Johnson had all but extinguished himself in the matrimonial line, and if the sections of those autobiographies relating to his married life could be read, I have an idea Boswell would be eclipsed by them.

A few weeks since, in glancing up the casualty column of a Chicago daily paper, I read:

"Geo. Boden, a tramp printer, known throughout this State as 'Cupid,' was killed at the Wabash depot this evening while attempting to board a moving freight train. He was an eccentric character and well known in newspaper offices."

Poor Cupid. He was one of the deluded unfortunates who depend on the letter-press of other men to win them honor. Not without talent, an infatuation for fame distracted his intellect from its attainment. In his character he was an original, and the least I, who was to have been the literary executor of the autobiography, which will never be published, can do is to inscribe these lines to commemorate the character of a literary man who enjoyed all the calamities of authors, but never wrote a line.

LUTE H. JOHNSON.

NIGHTMARE.



DREAMT a dream realistic, I went to the realms of—well, To the regions, strange and mystic, Where poets and writers dwell.

Old Clootie, the boss of the regions,
Was sifting the wheat from the chaff,
And he gathered the newspaper legions,
Which made up at least one-half.

Then he seized a bar white-heated, And twirled it in his hand, And said: "Who has truth repeated, I'll now proceed to brand."

And they stood like a phalanx Roman, The old and the young in years; And, out of the whole lot, no man Showed momentary fears.

"Ah, well," said old Clootie, turning,
"Since none will the truth-brand lodge,
The liars' foreheads I'll be burning!"
Then you should have seen them dodge.

They rushed from that presence madly,
With a terror naught could check;
And I woke feeling rather badly
From a sprain that was in my neck.

HARRY J. SHELLMAN.

IT LEADS THEM ALL.



VER keenly observant, Moses P. Handy says, in the editorial columns of the Philadelphia Daily News:

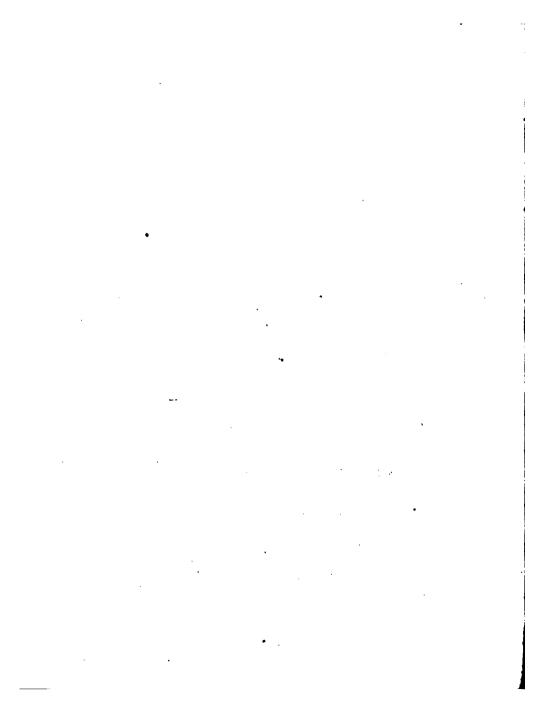
"It should be a matter of pride to all Philadelphians that a Philadelphia periodical, the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL AND PRACTICAL HOUSEKEEPER, circulates a larger number of copies than any other American

publication. Its high-water mark (now maintained for several months) is 450,000, and with some reason the publisher expects to make it half a million by January next."

To the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, therefore, is deservedly awarded the palm, which many of our nationally-circulated literary monthlies would be proud to merit. Very often has THE JOURNALIST complimented this favorite publication. Its growth has been (as Dominie Sampson was wont to remark) "Prodigious!" To-day it leads all rivals; in fact, it never had a rival. Under the judicious business management of Mr. Cyrus H. K. Curtis, and the editorial supervision of Mrs. Louisa Knapp, the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. from its first issue, less than four years ago, took highest rank in public esteem, and it has easily held that rank. Mrs. Knapp's portrait, which was one of the most attractive features of our Holiday Edition of 1886, is reprinted here. Her salary is now ten thousand dollars per annum, larger than that paid to any other woman journalist in the world. Onward, steadily onward, goes the illustrated periodical which this cultured lady so carefully nurtures. Its purity, its thoroughness, and its superior quality of text and illustrations, are most commendable. Nearly thirty-thousand dollars were received in cash subscriptions, at fifty cents each per year, during the months of January and February, 1887. On a single day last midsummer three thousand dollars were received. The mailing department of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL alone employs sixty-five persons, mostly females. The press-work, delivered from six rapid machines, occupies an entire month. mense edition goes direct to subscribers. North, South, East, and West, the Ladies' Home Journal is cordially welcomed.



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UNDER A CLOUD.



OW dull it is! and so are we; We can't shake off the lethargy That binds us down, do what we may, Upon this rainy, dismal day.

The skies are black, our feelings blue; The sloppy clouds are leaking through, And rain-drops spatter every way Upon this rainy, dismal day.

We cannot think, we cannot talk, We cannot run, we cannot walk; And here immured we're forced to stay Upon this rainy, dismal day.

No neighbor comes with kindly word, No friendly salutations heard; But all is dark, without one ray To cheer this rainy, dismal day.

And worse than everything to tell Somebody's stole our umberel, O Fate! the camel's back gives way Upon this rainy, dismal day.

CHELSEA, MASS.

B. P. SHILLABER.

THE AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION.



THIN the past ten years, "plate matter" has become more and more popular among out-of-town papers, and the more enterprising are discarding the ready prints and are using plate matter instead. For a long time there was a prejudice against "Boiler Plates," but editors of small, and even of prosperous

papers, began to discover that better matter was going out in the plates than they could afford, individually, to pay for. It was found that the reading public did not care, so long as the reading columns were bright and newsy, whether they were set up in the local office or in New York. This is largely due to the enterprise of the American Press Association.

In August, 1882, Major O. J. Smith, Mr. R. W. Nelson and Mr. G. W. Cummings, organized the American Press Association. Their idea was to supply plate matter to a large number of papers, and to give a value to the service undreamed of before. How well they have succeeded the present standing of the Association shows. It is incorporated with a capital of \$300,000; Major Smith is president. R. W. Nelson is vice-president, and G. W. Cummings secretary and treasurer. They started business in Chicago, supplying news plates to seven newspapers. In the fall of 1883 they opened an office in Cincinnati; a New York office was established in January, 1884; a Boston house in November, 1885; and lately branches in Buffalo. Atlanta, Des Moines, St. Paul and Denver have been added to the list. The main office is in New York, and on the corner of Church and Vesey Streets is one of the most perfectly organized newspaper offices in New York. They supply daily and weekly news summaries, special correspondence, and eight special departments. They handle the work of some of the brightest and most successful writers on the Press, and they furnish matter to upwards of fifteen hundred weeklies and eleven hundred dailies.

One might suppose that so extensive a system of plate service would win the hostility of the printers of the land. The Typo-

graphical Union, however, is on record as favorable to the Association. The Association pays an advanced rate for composition; and if it has enabled some papers to get along with less type-setting, it has encouraged other publications to increase their size, and caused many new offices to be established.

There is perhaps no business in which more far-reaching innovations have been made of late years than this business of plating a newspaper. The profession of journalism still remains distinct. The American Press Association has become to a vast number of papers what the telegraph is to a comparatively small class. What the next advance will be it is hard to say. Perhaps it will be type-setting by telegraph.

THE PRESENT.



HERE never was need of a prophet—
Why care the future to know?
For life we must live in the present,
To reap well, faithfully sow;
For the harvest of the to-morrow
Is the planting of to-day.
No tares ever tangle Fate's garden,
If now you weed them away.

A bridge we are constantly building From earth to the great unknown, . And our lives to lives coming after Remain the foundation stone.

If the trestle or span of the hour Be firmly built and made fast, All eddies and currents beyond us Recoil 'gainst deeds of the past.

FRANCIS ROSS,

OUR OLD PRECEPTORS.



ANY of the younger journalists of to-day—men of from thirty to fifty years—owe much of their practical knowledge of the profession to their old preceptors of the country press of twenty and thirty years ago. Not a few of them who may be conscious of possessing certain traits of character peculiarly their own, traits

which their contemporaries recognize as elements of real strength, realize that they acquired them in the days of their apprenticeship in the country printing office.

The pioneer editor of the country press was invariably an industrious man. With his meagre facilities he accomplished wonders. Sometimes he preceded the railroad and the telegraph. and from the tympan of his old hand-press was radiated intelligence and wisdom for a large section of country. He was the man-of-allwork of his establishment. He set his share of type, wrote his editorals, read his own proofs, made up the forms, and (bless his kind heart!) he was not above "spelling" the boys on the handpress for a half token or so. He was "a fellow of infinite jest." who liked to hear and to tell a good story, and he always exemplified the principles of genuine democracy. He was not only the wise and kind preceptor, but the associate and friend, as well, of his apprentice and other employees. Financial and other clouds often gathered close around him, but eternal Spring was in his heart and the sunshine was on his head.

He never thought it undignified or out of place to indulge in pathos and sentiment in his writing. If his neighbor's baby died, he was ready with an apt poetical quotation, or occasionally an original verse of his own, as the exigencies of the case seemed to demand, and this touching tribute was a more soothing balm for sorrow than the music of the church choir or the funeral sermon of the minister. The scrap-books of the pioneer families of these good old days, bear mute, yet eloquent testimony, to the sympathy and eloquence of the primitive editor.

A distinctive trait of the old-time editor was loyalty to his friends

and to his party. Many a public man has owed his elevation to positions, of great honor and high station, to the loyalty and wise management of the modest editor of his home paper, which first made known his existence to the world outside the circle of his own balliwick; and, to the discredit of many of them, they have never acknowledged this service, except in a most patronizing manner whenever the editor ventured to claim attention after they had reached the goal of their ambition. The old-time editor was a modest man, who asked no compensation for his political services, except the personal good-will and acknowledgements of the man whose aspirations he had aided, and if these were cordially given they were accepted as a receipt in full and considered ample payment.

With the advent of the power-press, and later the almost universal use of steam, the distinct personality of the old-time editor began to pass away. The younger men of that heroic type adjusted themselves to the new order of things, and, if they did not quite keep step with the modern journalist, they did not lag far behind. Many of this old guard who stood in the van of journalism twenty and thirty years ago have laid down the pen forever, and are resting from their labors in the quiet church-yard beside the friends and neighbors they lived among and wrought for. A very few are left among us. They have toiled up the mount of life in their youth and manhood, and from its summit have had a full view of the boundless possibilities for the future of the profession they have loved so well and so highly honored. Contentedly they are descending into the valley, conscious of duty done, and that they have made the path of the journalist of the future smoother and less arduous by reason of their patient and unselfish life work.

I cherish the memory of my old preceptors, two of whom are yet living, I am thankful to say, in good health of body and mind, loved and honored in the profession they still adorn. May they live and flourish through many future fruitful years, until the time shall come when their eyes will "close with the twilight to open in the dawn" of the new and better life.

S. R. DAVIS.

CRESTON, IOWA.

AMID THE THRONG.

OHEMIA is gay to night.

Soft and low,

The trill of prisoned song-bird floats,

Tempers the loud orchestral notes;

The lights burn bright;

Come and go.

List to the golden captive's song,

M'x with the careless-hearted throng,

Bury yesterday's sorrow,

Think not on the morrow,

Live for to-day!

What memons is mine to night!
A year ago,
On such another night as this,
Her lips to mine in one long kiss,
Her eyes so bright,
Drooping low,
Her heart's true answer gave to me,
Yielding her soul to slavery,

Caring not for the sorrow,
Her's would be on the morrow,
Living for to-day.

Bohemia is still the same;
Sad I ween,
My heart is; yet the noisy throng,
I join, to drown in ribald song,
My grief and shame.

THE JOURNALIST SOUVENIR.

Under the green,
Lies she who walked, but one short year
Ago, with me, in beauty, here.
Dead, and yesterday's sorrow,
Born anew each morrow,
Clouds to-day.

Bohemia is gay to night!

Waiter, ho!
A medium "Henry Clay" for me,
Some creamy "Culm," the same as she,
Drank, and a light!

When I go
Under the sod, who will there be
To drink the "Culm" remembering me,
When mine is yesterday's sorrow,
When others find to-morrow,
Their sad to-day?

THOMAS P. CONANT.



JAMES B. TOWNSEND.



HE gentleman whose portrait is opposite is a son of Dwight Townsend, formerly a prominent New York sugar merchant, twice member of Congress from Long Island and Staten Island, and who is now Secretary of the United Lines Telegraph Company. After receiving a careful education at St. Paul's

School, in Concord, N. H., Mr. James B. Townsend entered Princeton College. His literary turn of mind began to assert itself during his collegiate course, and he acted as correspondent of the New York World and Tribune during the well-remembered disturbunces at Princeton from 1876 to 1878. He graduated with distinction in the class of '78, and soon after became a member of the city staff of the New York Tribune. His experience and training while in this position were thorough in every way. The Stewart body robbery was his first assignment, and he had nearly the entire charge of that celebrated case for months. He left The Tribune in the autumn of 1879 to assume the managing editorship of the Art Interchange, a position he filled with ability for three years. doing constant work at the same time for several daily papers. In 1882 he joined the editorial staff of The World under Mr. Hurlbert. where he has since remained, writing all the art criticisms, besides making his mark in general editorial work. In 1884 he purchased the American Queen, and changed the name to Town Topics. In his hands it became a bright and clean publication. After running it successfully for nearly a year he sold out to Mr. Eugene D. Mann.

Mr. Townsend has recently been appointed General Manager of the "Press News Association," which has been duly incorporated to furnish news to papers throughout the United States and Canada over the wires of the Postal, the United Lines and Canadian Pacific Telegraph Companies, and the Mackey-Bennett Cables. The company is meeting with gratifying success in sending out its daily afternoon and night reports, covering the entire field of foreign and domestic news.

A. E. B.



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MY MUSIC.



S through the city's din I go,
And 'mid the eager throng am hidden,
I often close my eyes—and lo!
Delicious music comes unbidden.

I seem to wander far away
As 'twere in some new-found existence,
While unseen minstrels softly play
A dreamy chorus in the distance.

In mellow cadence, soft and low,
These sweet, mysterious chords come floating,
Like twilight lullables, that flow
From lips of mother, fond and doting.

I hear them e'en above the roar And ceaseless clatter all around me; Then ope my eyes, Alas! 'tis o'er— And gone the mystic spell that bound me.

Yet, happy I—yea, happy still,
Who by such simple, plain endeavor,
Can, 'mid life's turmoil, hear at will
The music of the vast Forever.

GEORGE L. CATLIN.

United States Consulate, Zurich, Switzerland.

WILLIAM J. ARKELL.



HE clever and popular newspaper man, whose portrait accompanies this sketch, was born in 1856, at his father's farm, near Canajoharie, Montgomery County, New York. His education was finished at the Rural High School, Clinton, N. Y., and the State Normal School, at Albany. When nineteen

years of age, he began an active business career with his father at the paper sack manufactory of Arkell & Smith, in Canajo-The younger Arkell had familiarized himself with the details of sack making when at home, during school vacations. He was, therefore, no novice at the trade. It is a curious fact that the day after he quit school at Albany, his father's factory was destroyed by an explosion of gasoline, and Mr. Arkell, Jr., was so badly burned that he will bear for life the marks of his disfigurement. It was thought at first that he could not recover, and it was necessary to graft more than eight hundred pieces of skin from living persons upon the burned surface of his arms and face, before his terrible wounds began to heal. The destruction of the factory occurred on the 1st of December, 1873, and for many days thereafter he lingered between life and death. His recovery was considered a marvel, even by the skilled physicians who attended him. It was in 1882, that William J. Arkell projected the Saratoga, Mt. McGregor & Lake George Railroad, running from Saratoga about ten miles north to the top of Mt. McGregor, the spot ever famous as that where General U.S Grant died. Impressed by the desirability of the location as a summer resort, and especially one for invalids, Mr. Arkell constructed this railway. The work involved an expenditure of half a million dollars, but in a short time the money was raised, and the road, as finished, is now one of the most delightful adjuncts of Saratoga's attractions. On the 17th of March, 1884, Mr. Arkell became proprietor of the Albany Evening Journal, a paper with a national reputation, and founded by Thurlow Weed over half a century ago.

By mismanagement The Journal had lost much of its former

prestige, but Mr. Arkell's brilliant and active work quickly caused a marked improvement in its condition, and within eighteen months he had doubled its circulation and placed it upon a solid footing. It is now one of the finest newspaper properties in the State, with a circulation and influence beyond anything that it ever



had before. On Christmas Dav. 1885, Mr. Arkell became President of the Judge Publishing Company of New York. the organization which controls the well-known humorous paper called Judge. In this new field his executive power was employed with as wonderful effect as had been displayed in the management of the Albany Evening Journal, and Judge is now recognized, known far and wide as the most successful illustrated weekly printed in colors in the United States. The splendid mental endowments of Mr. Arkell

have given him prominence as a skillful business manager. He is of medium height, of rather heavy build, with smooth face, having determination marked upon it. He talks quickly and acts alertly, while his sparkling eyes indicate a ready sense of humor which his conversation at once reveals. No young man of his age in the country probably has a wider circle of acquaintances. In metropolitan newspaper circles William J. Arkell is greatly esteemed, and The Journalist knows that this tribute to his merit will be regarded as one of the most attractive features of its "SOUVENIR."

BUT.



LENE.

Calm and majestic as a queen;
Lovely in form, and with a face
That beams with sweetness and with grace.
Fair as an angel of the skies.
Her voice is filled with melodies.
Gracious, kind, with a gentle heart
Soothing grief by some subtle art
That's all her own. And people say
That passing by she lights the way,
So bright her eyes, and so serene,
So fair, so loved is Miss Ilene.

Quiquitte.

Bright as the sunshine; gay, petite,
A little bundle of minor charms—
A sort of handful in one's arms;
Loves, say a score,—a thousand hates;
Exactly what she thinks she states.
Flighty at times,—Dame Scandal's tongue
Has hacked her name since she was young;
But then she is so very fair
That scandal hardly gets a care,
Forgetting that she's indiscreet,
All fall in love with Miss Quiquitte.

But,—
Which do I love?
Why, goodness knows.
The powers above
Might well dispose
Of both to other chaps, and I
Would scarcely heave one passing sigh.

Hene would make so fair a wife Her husband should at least be proud. Quiquitte would lead so gay a life Her better-half might think her loud. But should I have to choose a dame From either of this couple sweet, I guess I'd shoulder all the blame And take Quiquitte.

EDWARD A. MORPHY.

EMERSON AS A POET.



HE telling objects to the majority are the transparent ones, and the average reader, only aroused languidly, cares for nothing but that note which

"Rings like a tinkling petble down a tinkling path."

Whoever chooses to reflect sees there is an essence of poetry, which none of the definitions perfectly define. That dainty genius, Joubert, who writes as if Ariel had turned critic, says: "The poet must be not only the Phidias and the Dædalus of his verses; he must also be the Prometheus: with form and movement he must also give them life." Accosting the perplexing problem that has come down to us from the time of Aristotle, he puts himself among the questioners on this theme. Asking "What is poetry?" he replies: "At this moment I cannot say. But I maintain that, in words used by the true poet, there is found for the eyes a certain phosphorus, for the taste a certain nectar, for the attention an ambrosia not found in them when used by any one else." Was there ever any one to whom this description applies better than to Emerson?

AMENIA, NEW YORK.

JOEL BENTON.

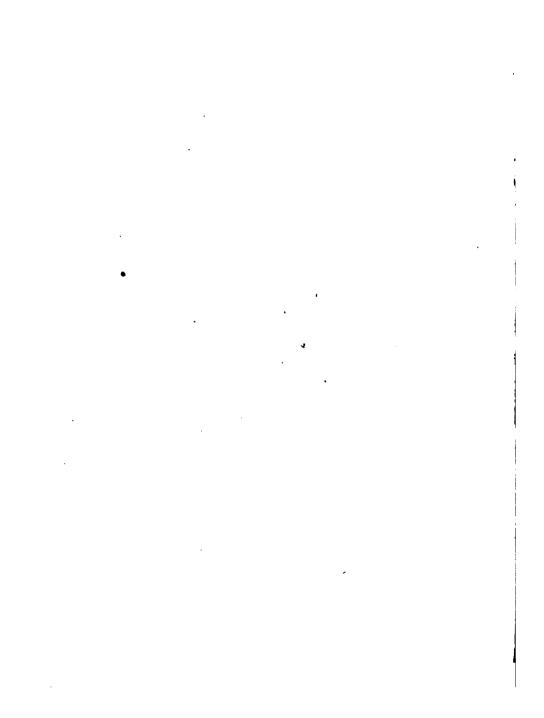
HUGH FARRAR McDERMOTT.



O man is better known or more highly esteemed in the New York Press Club than Hugh Farrar McDermott, printer, editor and poet. He was born near Enniskillen, Ireland, on the 16th of August, 1834, and was prepared for college by the Rev. Robert Elliott, of Belturbet, County Cavan.

His father. Thomas Gould McDermott, was a large dealer in meal. and during the famines of 1846-47 he lost heavily by debtors who were unable to pay. In the beginning of 1849, Mr. McDermott came to Boston with his family, and purchased a homestead in Dorchester with the remnant of his fortune. He soon afterward died, and Hugh, who had entered the late Judge Brigham's office as a law student, turned his hand to writing for the press. He was given permanent employment on the Boston Courier, then the great Whig organ of New England. The late Isaac W. Frv. the managing editor of that paper, formed a warm attachment for the young Irish boy, and, to make him acquainted with all the details of journalism, had Hugh, during his spare hours, learn the art of type setting. With Charles F. Browne (Artemus Ward), B. F. Shillaber (Mrs. Partington), and Charles G. Halpine (Miles O'Reilly), Hugh was a writer for The Carpet Bag, which had a brief, but brilliant existence. In 1853 Hugh went to California as special agent of Adams & Co. His adventures on the Pacific slope would exhaust an imperial quarto. His local play entitled "Fashion's Folly" was very successful and brought him a few thousand dollars. Returning from California in the latter part of 1857, he wrote for the Leader, Atlas, Courier, Herald, Times and Tribune. His poems of "The Fire," and "Freedom's Land," published in 1863, brought him into notice. These were widely Within the past six years G. P. copied here and in Europe. Putnam's Sons have published, under the title of "The Blind Canary," two editions of McDermott's poems, In 1869, Mr. Mc-Dermott moved to Jersey City, where he established the Herald.





THE EDITOR'S TROUSERS.



WO ragged holes beam sadly out
Below the suburbs of his vest—
Like guardian angels of unrest,
They follow him fore'er about.
No picture could the people scan
With half the greedy, sad intent
That on the dual holes are bent—
The trade-marks of an honest man!

How came those hungry holets there?
Ah, ask the hours of toil and pain;
The pencil, lamp, the woven cane
The creaky, rusty office chair!
Why, everything is new at first
And made to stem the tide of life,
But all must yield at last to strife,
And even pants at length will burst.

And so, O honest holes! we meet
You with a proud and kindly grace
Good welcome to the resting place—
Thrice welcome to the royal seat!
In all the turmoil, all the strife,
There are no teachers, half so true,
To teach us what we learn from you—
The stern realities of life.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

EUGENE FIELD.

COLLAPSE OF "THE CLARION."



OUBTLESS more than one who reads this will remember the Evening Commonwealth and Public Herald, which struggled for a couple of years early in the present decade in a certain bustling little city in the Northwest; also its exit amid the deafening ap-

plause of the whole community. The name alone would have killed it, but the process of dissolution was hastened by numerous other equally potent causes. Its policy was outlined by several broken-down politicians. The only wealth it possessed was the syllable with the prefix in the title. Its business manager got it into a fearful wrangle with the printers' union. In fact, it is marvelous that it lived as long as it did; but it had several good newspaper men on its staff, and of them my tale has to deal.

When the E. U. and P. H. at last gave up the ghost, as blue a lot of journalists were turned loose on the town as were probably ever seen together. A week later, as it happened, the ex-managing editor, the best reporter the late defunct had had on its payroll, and myself (telegraph and news editor), stumbled upon each other in a quiet retreat, where we immediately began to drown our sorrow in mugs of unnebriating froth. The malt tonic buoyed us up and started a mushroom growth of hope. We decided to start a paper on the ruins of the failure that yet stared us in the face. As we could raise scarcely a hundred dollars between us, we could only begin on a co-operative basis. A young and lively insurance man was talked into assuming the business management; a printer was found to hold up the mechanical end of the undertaking, and, as our arrangements neared completion others were taken into the association.

The old *Herald* plant was idle and we succeeded in renting it by the week. That the affair was to make or break us from the first day we all well knew, and to make it go from the start our venture was to be decidedly sensational. Parker, the business man, proved to be a hustler, and the day before the first issue the town was covered from one end to another with double sheet posters, reading:

WATCH FOR THE CLARION!

BEGINS TO-MORROW AND WILL TELL THE WHOLE TRUTH.

MILDLY PUT, IT WILL BE EXCITING.

The way that first issue sold made us hilarious. After that the town was kept perpetually in hot water, and shekels and suits for libel rolled in on us without intermission, and, to use a Western phrase, *The Clarion* was a howling success. But it, too, met its fate.

From time to time we had increased our editorial staff until we could cover most fields satisfactorily, as far as ordinary news was concerned. But society and kindred subjects needed looking after, and we had no one to do it. None of the other papers in our bailiwick attempted to furnish their readers with such matter, and we thought it would be a notable feature for us if we could make a splurge in that line. Luck favored us in our dilemma. One day a young lady came up the perilous two flights of steps to the editorial den, and asked for work. She had come to the town a year before as the bride of an Eastern mining engineer, who had charge of mammoth lodes some New Yorkers were developing in the vicinity. Her husband had been accidentally killed a couple of months before while engaged in his work, and she had been left almost penniless. She was bright and had grit. Before her marriage she had supported herself several years in the East by newspaper work. Again thrown on her own resources she naturally turned to the same field.

That she was capable of doing well the work we needed some one to do, none of us doubted for a moment, but women journalists in the West were an innovation, and we had our doubts about how the new order of things would be received. However, the managing editor hired her. Though she was entirely capable, her ability possibly had not everything to do with securing the position for her. In the region beyond the Mississippi the masculine heart is proverbially tender, and (pardon me ye ancient detties!) no god-

dess of mythology was ever more fair than she. Every time, even now, when I have occasion, in grinding out my daily stint, to describe an ideal woman, the figure of Mrs. Wellsey—"Carrie," I think, each man before a week had passed, secretly called her to himself—rises before me, and I describe as minutely as possible the picture I have in my mind's eye, finding it unnecessary to draw upon my imagination for a single detail, so far as physical attributes are concerned. Chestnut hair, always bewitchingly going astray; great brown eyes, that innocently appeared to know nothing of the stores of magnetism they contained; a sweet oval face, with a complexion that an artist would go into ecstasies over. A form for a sculptor to carve from purest marble and be famous ever afterward.

Without more raving over her I will cut it short, and state that before a week had passed I had become thoroughly infatuated with the new society editor, and had settled down to making an impression upon her feelings if possible. I was chagrined to find that Clark, our managing editor, appeared to think that she was not far from perfection. Millique, the reporter I have mentioned as being one of the original partners in the concern, occasionally brought in a bunch of roses or other flowers and laid them upon her desk; and the smile with which she always rewarded him gave me a severe attack of neuralgia of the heart. About this time, too, a friend met me on the street, and in the course of his conversation said something about Vail, the foreman of the composing-room, as he expressed it, being "dead stuck" on our new society editor. That gentleman, I found, had gone into raptures over her to my friend, which left but little doubt in my mind that he, too, had had his head turned by our pretty co-worker. This sort of competition from all sources made me extremely nervous, for I had settled in my own mind, apparently beyond a doubt, that the relict of the late Mr. Wellsey must be my wife, if life henceforth was to be worth living.

Matters went on a couple of months when a coolness began to develop among the heads of the *Clarion*'s various departments, as each apparently determined more firmly than ever that Mrs. Wellsey should be his; yet at the same time saw that he not only had one, but several formidable rivals, each seemingly as determined as himself. I was just about as wretched a man as ever Cupid persisted in plaguing. Finally I got my courage screwed up to the necessary point, and one night after we had returned from a lecture to which I had been her escort, I proposed to her in the highest style of art. Frobably men have been as happy before and since as I was then, but I reserve the right to doubt it, for she accepted me! "Poor Mr. Wellsey has been dead such a short time, please say nothing about our affair," she requested of me, and I acquiesced.

As no one knew of our engagement, naturally her other admirers in the Clarion office continued to lavish on her their attentions. Though I knew they were hardly to blame under the circumstances, yet their actions made me furious. At last I could stand it no longer, and my jealous wrath of a month's accumulation burst on the head of Clark. The day's work was done and the press had begun its grind on the third edition. Mrs. Wellsey had got a half day off at noon and had not been in since. As he straightened up his desk Clark hummed over an old love song, and, probably forgetting that there was anyone else in the room, neatly substituted "Carrie" for the name it was written to celebrate. Insane with indignation, I turned to him and said, in effect, that as Mrs. Wellsey was my flancée I should insist that he refer to her no more in such a connection and in such a manner.

"Your flancke? You engaged to Carrie! You the husband she has selected! You ——!" and, white with rage, his last word developed into a demoniac yell.

Millique, who had been writing at his desk, hearing this, jumped up and came towards me as excited as either of us. He was hoarse with passion, and gasped:

"Fools! She has promised to be my wife and we are to be married in the Spring."

"It's a lie!" hissed Clark, and grasping a heavy ruler he dealt the reporter a savage blow over the head.

Vail was going down stairs from the composing room, and, hearing the uproar, rushed in just in time to hear Millique's words and Clark's reply. With a jealous man's preception, the true meaning of the quarrel came to him at once, and he yelled:

"Carrie Wellsey has been my betrothed this month, and I'll kill the man who tries to come between us!" And suiting the action to the word, he struck out with both fists, planting a vicious blow on my lower jaw as an inaugural.

For three or four minutes the fight was a general one, and such another mêlée I hope never again to get into. The racket brought a couple of the pressmen up, who finally parted us and got us on the way to our respective boarding-houses. We were wrecks. My right arm was broken. Clark was injured internally, and it was thought for a few hours would die. Millique's head resembled a beefsteak, and Vail, if possible, was used up even worse. We were all confined to our rooms for several weeks.

But the knowledge that each of us had that he had engaged in a disgraceful fight with three friends was not to be compared, in point of its effect on us, to the tearing up our feelings received the next morning when we beheld that day's issue of the Morning Puragraph, our ostensible esteemed contemporary, but really our hated rival in the journalistic field. Each man engaged in the fight implicitly believed that Mrs. Wellsey was as true as steel to him. The headlines—a quarter of a column of them—told the tale:

THE "CLARION'S" COLLAPSE. THE BUSINESS MANAGER POCKETS ALL THE FUNDS AND ELOPES WITH A PRETTY EDITORIAL WRITER. THE OTHER LEADING MEN ENGAGE IN A BLOODY WAR OVER THE SAME FEMALE PENCIL-PUSHER. FOR THEY KNEW NOT THAT SHE HAD GIVEN THEM ALL THE SHAKE. HOW FIVE HEARTS WERE CAPTURED AND ONLY ONE WAS USED. CO-OPERATION A FAILURE IN LOVE AFFAIRS, ETC., ETC.

Minute particulars are hardly necessary. Though we were not aware of it, that woman Wellsey had become infatuated with Parker, as well as he with her, and, utterly devoid of conscience, an unmerciful flirt, as the rest of us pressed our suit and got to the proposing point, gracefully accepted us, trusting to luck for some way out of it. Both Parker and she must have seen that a

storm caused by jealousy among the rest of us would soon break, and both doubtless thought a wedding journey to Canada, with the Clarion's entire assets for incidental expenses, would be an easy and effectual way out of it all. The feature that chagrined me most, is the fact that fully two hours before the fight in the editorial room this villainous twain were comfortably seated in a palace car getting miles beyond our reach as fast as the car could carry them. Parker took with him what capital the Clarion had, its accumulated profits and everything he could get on its credit. The machinery was rented. Those of us who had been in the fight knew we could never bring ourselves to working together again, so the receiver who had been appointed the day after Parker's flight closed up the business at once, and the Clarion joined the million or more newspaper failures that inhabit some capacious realm in the spirit world, from which-let us be thankful-their ghosts never return to trouble credulous, infatuated men.

CHARLES HARPER.

COLUMBUS, OHIO.

. The demand for news was never greater, and the people never more ready to appreciate the newspaper than now. It is beginning to be, what it eventually will be, the daily encyclopedia, not only of news, but of accurate scientific and practical information for the people.

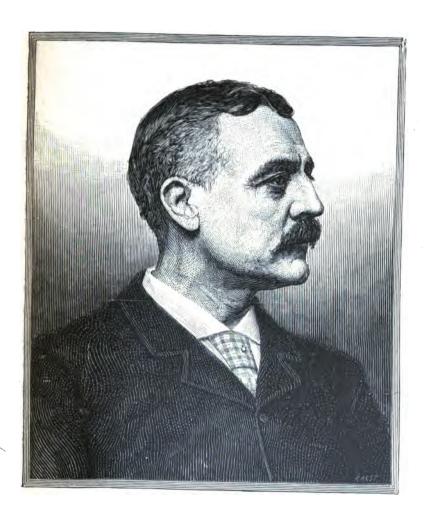
In the estimation of many, a newspaper man is a necessary sort of evil—a common receptacle for the grievances of each individual member of society; a courageous knight upon whom devolves the duty of cudgeling everybody and everything, according to the individual whim of every wise man (?) who comes along. He is needed to note deaths and births, marriages and divorces; to sell property, secure renters and announce the general news. He is expected to abate nuisances by one stroke of the pen, regardless of the fact that libel suits confront him at every turn; in fact, he is expected to ruin his own business by advertising that of others, he gets more kicks than coppers, more curses than prayers. In the language of the intoxicated compositor: "Next to a policeman and a dog, an editor is the noblest work of God."

CHARLES J. SMITH.



HE portrait on the opposite page was (under the title "An Esteemed Ex-Associate") a notable feature of The Journalist's latest holiday issue. We reprint it to satisfy numerous requests from Mr. Smith's vast army of friends. As there can be no better story told of the man and his career than

veteran Joe Howard supplied us, a part of that narration is also reprinted. Mr. Howard remembers "that Charles J. Smith's earliest newspaper venture was as a reporter for the Sun under the Beach regime. Then, with two or three others, he began the publication of a workingman's organ called the Star. That was when I first met him as an intimate. He was with me there from 1868 until 1876, when the infamies practiced by the reformers who challenged every bill, good as well as bad, threw us into the convulsions of bankruptcy, and common sense told us to kick the past to the rear, and jump on to the locomotive of the present. During all those years he was loyal, true, competent. His share of the paper netted him, in addition to his salary, a very handsome income which he spent with a free hand, though not with the idiotic profuseness that characterized some of his associates. His services were simply invaluable, and had I known then as much of him as I know now, the Star would to-day be no mean rival to the Sun professionally or financially. A brief experience with the late Erastus Brooks ensued, after which Smith started with very little capital besides his brains, an insurance paper called the Record, a property that has grown with succeeding years until it now nets him not far from six thousand dollars per annum, and constantly increasing. In connection with George Pierce of the Tribune and a few others, he bought Noah's Sunday Times, but as managed at the business end there was no money in it and very little pleasure. It afforded Smith, however, an opportunity to indulge, over the signature of the 'Call Boy,' in a series of papers full of wit and humor and contemporaneous human slashings."



A WHITE NIGHT.



HE city sleeps—like a heart of care

That softer throbs through its dreaming,
And the world to-night is drenched with the rare
White fire of the moonlight streaming.
Though the sea's as warm as a wooer's breast
That a thousand passions surge in,
As pure the rays on the tide that rest
As love in the eyes of a virgin.

The earth for the nonce is clearly shriven
By the piercing, puissant splendor;
The night is white as a soul forgiven
Through Heaven's own mercy tender;
And the odors borne on the balmy wind
From the garden's moonlit glory
Are sweet as the touches of lips that find
Their mates with the "old, old story."

And you, O love, you are with me here For a season of solemn sweetness; I clasp your hand and there comes no fear To trouble the hour's completeness. An hour, O love, of the life to be—
There is naught of good now wanting—
A taste of the future ecstasy,
No burden of sorrow haunting!

But one strong, passionate prayer to pray:
That Death, wherever he find us,
Shall summon both on the selfsame day,
Forever to bless and bind us.
For, wandering the Blessed Country through,
Dear Heart, you would grieve without me,
And I—ah, Heaven were void if you
Were lonely on earth without me!

LILY CURRY TYNER.

FOUR FABLES.

I.



HERE once existed a bright Daily Newspaper that had No Friends. It was so Fearless and Enthusiastic in the Pursuit of Truth that Three Lawyers were necessary to handle the Suits for Libel brought against it. Every one was Down On It, but it sold in an Astonishing Manner and the owners

were making Big Money.

A great, though capricious, Public Official one day resolved to befriend it. He let the whole city know of his action, which really was a case of Disinterested Friendship. However, Rival Publications soon convinced the People, because the paper had an Official Champion, that it was identified with a Corrupt Ring, and that it had traded its Integrity off for Official Pap, which was soon to be delivered. The Public believed these Slanders and would not buy such a Journal, so eventually it Died.

Moral:

The People as a Whole are the only Friends a Newspaper can Afford.

II.

An Editorial of Great Weight, by the Chief Editor, and a three line Paragraph, by a Meek Subordinate, one night reposed side by side on a Galley in the composing room of a Daily Newspaper. The Editorial was Greatly Shocked to be in such company, and thoroughly crushed its little neighbor by Sarcastic Inquiries concerning its use in the world. The Foreman, who knew on which side his bread was buttered, put the Heavy Leader at the Head of the Column, in a Most Conspicuous Place, while the Small Paragraph he chucked under a Dead Ad. Thus they went out to the world in the morning.

Late that day a Huge Humbug was found in the Throes of Death on a public highway, a vital spot being pierced by the Insignificant Paragraph heretofore mentioned. While the awestruck people yet stood watching the remains, a Great Public Wrong came leisurely down the street, showing every evidence of Decided Prosperity. At it had been aimed the Weighty Editorial, which, as usual, had failed to Strike In.

MORAL:

A Paragraph is not so Imposing in appearance as a Long Editorial, but it is more apt to Do the Business.

III.

An Intelligent Compositor one night came to a very obvious Error in a statement made in the copy he was working from. It was of a nature, though, that the Proof Reader could not but notice it, and using his Brains to an extent that must have been a Severe Strain, he corrected it. The matter somehow came to the Ears of the Editor, who warmly commended the Compositor and rewarded him Handsomely. The next night he found in his copy another statement, concerning a political question, that was further from the truth than the one he had corrected before. He was Greatly Pleased to again use his Judgment, and until morning held his head very high. Then he was Ignominiously Bounced. The Statement was one of the Editor's most Artistic Lies, intended to Injure the Opposite Political Party.

MORAL

Information is often of Most Value when Not Used.

IV.

A Fool, one time, by chance, came to the head of a Journal of Great Influence and Popularity. He hated Labor of any kind, so he bought a dress suit of sedate cut and went into Society, leaving everything concerning his Paper to Hired Hands. He made a special study of looking Wise, and had just enough sense to keep his Mouth Shut. With such excellencies to commend him, the Wealth, and Brains, and Beauty of the land all greatly admired the Editorials he was supposed to write; and in a Short Time he was considered one of the Great Journalists of the Country. For a trifling amount of coin he got his Portrait in all the rural papers and now no man is More Celebrated.

MORAL :

To be Famed, as a Writer, is not always achieved with the Pen. C. H.

RURAL JOURNALISM. ITS FELICITIES AND INFELICITIES.



AVING completed my college course, and received a sheepskin duly signed and sealed, I at once started for the home of my boyhood, to visit old friends and to mark out a future career. While in college my professors had seen fit to compliment me on several essays and themes which I had written, and

once I had barely escaped carrying off the big prize for an essay on some scientific subject. Even more than that, the Rattling Gourd, published not far from the University town, kindly printed my sketches, several of which were extensively copied, and one or two had been publicly credited as from the pen of Bangs, the witty and astute editor of the Rattling Gourd. Near the completion of my college course it had occurred to me, that if my articles were worthy of being credited to Bangs, I, too, might become an editor, and retain for myself the glory that my productions were giving to Bangs. This was certainly a laudable ambition, for really Bangs was a great man, in his own town. He had several times served as moderator on town meeting day; had been twice elected on the School Board, and for several years had held a commission as Justice of the Peace, and once, much to his satisfaction, had been drawn petit juror for a short term of court. That Bangs really appreciated his position in that town was once made manifest, while making his speech to the schoolboys, in his capacity as committee man, on one examination day, when he said: "Boys be diligent; study hard; it is possible for you to be even an editor or a school committee, like as I am." But our story is not about Bangs.

As I stated at the outset, with my sheepskin duly signed, I set out for the home of my childhood, secretly proud of the knowledge I had acquired, and fully believing that the citizens of the town would be also proud of so learned a son. But in this I was much disappointed. I had not been at home twenty-four hours,

before I noticed that there was a certain mysterious coolness exhibited toward me by certain old residents of the town that I could not account for, and I made little progress in gaining their esteem. I further noticed that their seeming prejudice was only local, as all strangers visiting the village, with whom I conversed, paid due deference to my opinions, which only made the utter indifference shown by my townsmen seem more mysterious, as I was a well-disposed young man, had most respectable ancestors, and no bad habits. Perhaps I should have remained in ignorance of just what the matter was, if it had not been that one day I overheard a conversation concerning myself, by a stranger and one of the old citizens, which ran about as follows:

Stranger: "Smart young fellow, that Jones?"

At this point, it may be fitting to remark, that "Jones" was me, and that the citizen replied in a very "no-yes" sort of a way.

Stranger: "Destined to make his mark, I should say?"

Citizen: "No-yes, well, I don't know; perhaps."

Stranger: "Popular about town, I suppose?"

Citizen: "Popular! smart! make his mark! Why, stranger, I guess you don't know what you are talking about! Why, sir, the fact is, that young man was born here."

This was indeed a squelcher on the stranger; but to me it lay open the mystery that so long puzzled me after arriving in the place of my nativity. Had I supposed that it would have been such a crime or misfortune to have been born in my native place I might possibly have been born somewhere else; but it was now too late. The inevitable must be submitted to, and many of my subsequent misfortunes, for a half decade of years, were due, absurd as it may appear, solely to the fact of having been born in my native place. As I look at it now, it was akin to insanity to have even dreamed of starting a newspaper in my native town and against public sentiment then existing; but being a plucky young man, and, notwithstanding the unpleasantness, having a great love for my early home, I resolved to make the venture. The announcement that I was to start a paper called forth the most bitter ridicule of several of the old stagers. They resolved that

such an innovation could not be countenanced. That the paper could not be run three months by the young man born in the place was confidently predicted, and having made the prediction the predictors proceeded by ridicule, refraining from patronage, and in other ways to make their predictions true. Had I started The Extinguisher (that was the name I modestly called my paper), in a Western town, every man in business, or out of business, would have put their hand to the wheel, and by so doing would not only have helped the editor in producing a creditable paper, but would have made the paper a great factor in building up the town; for it is a well-known fact that a town in these days having no local paper is considered just no town at all, and a paper conducted with even moderate ability is a blessing to the town in which it is established. But this Western principle before mentioned was an unrecognized one in the town where I was born. In fact, the place had symptoms of being an exponent of the smallness of men's souls, an illustration of New England narrowness beside Western breadth and liberality. When I needed help the most, in way of advance subscriptions, the citizens, if they paid in advance at all, largely subscribed only for three months, and even then grudgingly held out the 37% cents as if that was to be a sure sacrifice on the altar of public enterprise; and in nine cases out of ten they took pains themselves to make the change, so as to retain the one-half cent. But perhaps even these were less to be censured than those who put their names down for one year, and forgot to pay at its expiration, or have never paid since. Indeed, one agent who attempted to canvass the village was much surprised to find four well-to-do citizens borrowing the same paper, which was taken by the fifth, and our agent, on examining the ledger, discovered that this fifth man was actually one of these subscribers who had never paid for the paper at all. Indeed, this was hardly an isolated case, for wherever there is a country paper printed, there the paper borrowers are gathered together. Of course there was no money in such readers, and it was not long before I discovered that money was about the last thing a country editor might expect to see. This, no doubt, explains the very meek and all-gone expression that I had formerly noticed worn by

Bangs. Farmers who wanted our paper insisted in "paying off of the farm," hence my sanctum was often a regular green-grocer's shop. It was no unusual thing to find a half dozen cabbages on the sanctum table, leaving just room enough for the weekly editorial; a bag of potatoes might be also utilized for a footstool. while various packages of beans might be seen conveniently spread around. Speaking of beans, reminds us that one of our subscribers, in January, proposed to pay in beans when his crop was ripe in the fall. He was true to his promise, but instead of paying all in one kind, that would enable us to dispose of them, he brought in twelve distinct packages, each of which having a different kind of bean made as motley display as was ever seen at an Agricultural Fair. There were black beans, white beans; and beans brown and beans vellow; beans with bright eyes and beans without any eves at all. Worthless almost as they were to us, we deposited them among the editorial archives and gave our subscriber a receipt in full. There are many traditions still extant of the remarkable fees or gifts that find their way to the country editor's table. Instead of being gratuities they are dearly paid for. Business men, politicians, or private citizens who desire a good deal for nothing are likely to fee a country editor. The honest farmer who desires to see his name in print, brings to the editor the big egg that has cost some honest biddy a great effort to lay, and in consideration of a fifty-cent notice, in which the farmer instead of the hen is supposed to get the glory, the 6x7 egg is left for the editor's dinner. Hundreds of honest farmer's names have gone down to posterity that would have been unknown to fame had it not been through the influence of the local press and the efforts of some speckled hen. A case during my first year as editor of the Extinguisher is a good illustration of the cheapness of fame. Thus early in my journalistic career, a subscriber was as anxiously waited for as ever was a patient by a country physician. On this occasion I had left the office for an hour, and on my return was informed that a. visitor had been there, and was in great stress to see me. I at once surmised that there was a dollar at least in store for my flattened pocketbook, and fearing that by some hook or crook it might go into the till of some rival, I started out on the street in search

of my man, and in due time overhauled him, and was recognized.

The conversation ran about as follows:

Farmer. "You are the editor of the Extinguisher?"

Editor: "We are."

Farmer: "I have made six hundred pounds maple sugar, the best you ever see."

Editor . "We congratulate you."

Farmer: "Can't vou write it up in vour paper?"

Editor: (Seeing at least twenty-five pounds of sugar in his mental eve) "We will."

Farmer: "I reckoned as how you would, and so I brought you a taste," and he began to fumble awhile in the recesses of his antiquated coat, and after a while he produced one of those small cakes a little larger than the "Bungtown copper" of by-gone days.

Farmer: "Nice, ain't it?"

The editor said nothing. He was speculating on the eternal smallness of things.

Farmer: "I made inquiry before coming to town and I found you were not married, or I should have brought two cakes."

This is not an overdrawn statement, but an actual experience, and indeed it was not the only one of like nature.

Probably there is no more thankless task that comes in the country editor's way than doing free advertising for ladies' benevolent circles. We venture to say, that well-used editors in return will largely increase the treasury of any benevolent organization. But such organizations seem to be based on the grand principle of getting something for nothing. To think that free tickets to the show, which are often insipid, are ample pay for advertising is a great mistake. The tickets are simply the passports for a suitable after-notice, which, by drawing attention to the excellent (?) entertainments given, is sure to bring reward in subsequent gatherings. No religious society should expect more than a simple news notice unless these tickets are given. If admission is asked, it is not enough to tell the editor to come in and his face will pass him. There are many entertainments in various halls the same



The old editor's question :—''shall I strike it out.9''

THE FUNDAL K
PUBLIC LIBEARY

ASTOL TENCK AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

night, and the editor, by having tickets at his disposal, is able to cover the ground required by dividing with his reporters. The societies in the "town I was born in" were not over generous with their tickets, but were remarkably avaricious when they wished notices. One time, the good ladies declared in solemn convention that editors were deadheads, and no tickets should be granted. That season was not a success with that society; the other societies were generous. The former society received no press notices, and died a financial death; the latter, receiving the best efforts of our reporters, lived and flourished like a green bay tree. An amusing sample of benevolent society management came up one day after the manager had asked for a seventy-five-cent notice for nothing. We, of course, and as usual, agreed to insert the notice at those remunerative rates, when the thankful young miss benevolently exclaimed, "Well, here is a ticket for you. I heard your wife was away or I should have brought two." Shades of mercy! just as if a country editor would not need two tickets if his wife were away. But to return. Time proved that in spite of the croakers, the Extinguisher, edited by the young man "born in town," was bound to live. It lived on the pluck of the young man, and nothing else. As it lived, the croakers began to shift about for an excuse, for they were sure that no good thing could come out of Nazareth. Now the croakers declared that the young editor was not the editor at all, but that his father furnished the brains of the paper. Now, as much as I admired my father, it was not pleasant to have all my brilliant sayings attributed to him, just as my early efforts had been attributed to Bangs; and my father, seeing doubtless that I made many foolish remarks in the columns of the Extinguisher, finally declared that he never wrote a line for the paper in his life. Time and experience brought several admirable productions from my pen, and through these I expected to gain the admiration of my fellow citizens; my father having gracefully declined the honors that the croakers would have given him, I believed I had a free path to glory. There was also at that time another reason why I desired to stand well in the eyes of my fellow citizens. I had resolved to take a wife, and as she came far from the town where I was born. I desired that she might find on her advent into the

place that her lord was highly respected and spoken of. So, unusual pains was taken on several strong articles, which I designed to print in the issues following my marriage. Returning with my wife, the citizens cordially greeted her, and in this she may consider herself lucky, as she was not born in town. I with pride issued my paper next day after the reception, and in it were no less than two of the editorials over which I had spent so much time some weeks previous. As I expected, the articles were considered immense; they were praised by both old and young; and the old stagers-still clinging to the tradition that no one born in town could do anything-all said those articles were written by my wife. "It is a pity he was not as smart as she is." Now, had my wife heard the report she would have flatly denied it, for though she likes honor, she never would knowingly receive it at the expense of her husband, and I never would take the cloak of fame from my wife to wear it myself; so to this day, when I write anything smart for the Extinguisher, the croakers always say, "I don't see how a man born in town could have procured such a gifted wife."

All these things, while they did not satisfy my cravings for honor, gave me consciousness of power, so that at last I began writing articles for other publications than my own. These I wrote under a nom de plume, and they were warmly received. When the Slabtown Magazine appeared, my fellow citizens discovered these articles, and I found that even the croakers were unanimous in their praise; and to cap all, the very man who had insisted that I was of no account because born in town, brought the Slabtown Magazine to my sanctum, pointed out the very article that I had written, and said that such articles ought to grace the columns of the Extinguisher. But the funny part of the whole was, that a year before I had printed the same article in the Extinguisher, and these very persons never took the trouble to read it, as they supposed it was written by a son of the town they lived in.

It was not long before I found that I was becoming a confessor for the people. If a man did a mean thing, he was pretty sure to call at the sanctum, give me full particulars in confidence, and ask me to keep it out of the paper. He was sure to pay all back dues on the paper before he commenced his story, and would also remark that I might as well take enough for next year's subscription also. Then would come the story, which often would have never reached our ears if he had not been driven to tell us of it by his own guilty conscience. If he had not told, perhaps some "reader" would have written it out, asking us to print, though he had not courage to even sign his name to the letter. One day a man in high life did a mean act. I did not put his name in the article, but spoke in strong terms against the man who did the act. What was my surprise, within the next two weeks to receive six letters from various individuals, who, having committed a similar deed, wrote to say that in their opinion it was none of my d-m business. As they all signed their names I thus had a list of six wolves in sheep's clothing, and, alas, some of them were high in the estimation of Church and State. Thus, day by day, I learned the inside life of some of "the best citizens" of the various towns where the Extinguisher circulated. I became a skeptic when people spoke of goodness, and soon knew why country editors so often lose all faith in humanity and stand aloof from many who are agitators of various reforms. Among the humors in the business of country journalism. I must record a few incidents happening in the advertising department. It is no unusual thing for a man to rush into the office with his face fiery by wrath, and leave an advertisement "crying down" his wife, but to come in and revoke it before the paper goes to press, as, meanwhile, the pair have made up their matrimonial infelicities. One day a man burst open the sanctum door and shouted, "How much will it cost to cry down my wife?"

"One dollar and a half-three times to make it legal."

"Cheap enough. Here's your money, and here's fifty cents more. Now, give it to her." And the table trembled from the force of his fist.

On the other hand, one bright morning, when every one ought to have been at peace and harmony with the world, a man from "'Wayback" came in and inquired, "How much will you 'cry down my wife for in your paper?" We gave the usual price.

"What," said he, "you charge one dollar and a half. Too much, too much! I guess I will not cry her down to-day. I will

go home and see how Sarah acts over Sunday." It is to be supposed that Sarah behaved well, as he came not back again.

At another time a man as usual cried down his wife, forbidding "all persons harboring or trusting her as she had left his bed and board." A few days after a lady called at the sanctum and asked if she could have any place she desired in the advertising columns. The place she selected was directly under her husband's notice, in which she called attention to the advertisement above, saying that the bed was her own, and that for more than a year she had not only boarded herself but her husband beside.

The country paper to be successful to-day must be filled with the little gossip of the place. It is useless to compete with the great dailies and weeklies in general news. The more local, the better the local paper succeeds. "I don't see what's the use of putting in that little item. I knew it. It warn't worth printin'," is often the remark. But the editor knows why he printed it."

One day we had a broad hint that a certain farmer had made some improvements on his place. We "wrote him up," and he insisted that he "would not had it done for anything if he had known about it." He went about blowing us up, but he bought a good-sized edition of the paper, and sent marked copies to every one he ever knew. So the editor did not care.

At last virtue and perseverance had their reward; some good women recognizing the benefit of the Extinguisher to the public, worked up a donation party. It was liberally patronized, as it cost nothing to go. Of course there was a presentation, and several speeches. One of the gifts was a hanging lamp, the speaker saying that they had chosen it because he had been a light to the town, by bringing to light much that would not have been known if it had not been for the Extinguisher. There was also a matchsafe, a symbol of the "safe" character of my paper in their homes; and a pitcher with a broad nozzle was to signify the appreciation of the way I had "pitched into things in general." Of course, I responded "feelingly." That is a term stereotyped in country newspaper offices for such occasions, and during one of my brief pauses: the woman who had superintended the "getting up" of the donation, burst out with:

"Jones! 'the Lord works in mysterious ways His wonders to perform.' It was I who raised the money!"

This speech brought down the house, and so removed from my mind all the words that I might have spoken, that I gracefully left the floor. But I slept sweeter and sounder that night than ever before, for had I not the consciousness that at last I was appreciated as a prophet (or profit) in my own country.

GEORGE E. FOSTER.

MILFORD, N. H.

If a writer cannot get fair pay for his work it is a pretty sure sign that he has either taken his goods to the wrong market or that his work is not wanted, and he had better get out of journalism and seek some other field of usefulness. We have very little sympathy for the men who are continually whining about starvation prices and there being no room in the profession. Starvation prices do not last long with good men, and there is very little room in the profession for any others.

Tact and not talent is the safest horse in the journalistic sweepstakes. A writer does not always win because he is original, or on account of his graceful diction. Neither does friendship or influence help him much, unless he respects his own ability and the demands made upon him by social usage to contract for a proper recompense of his brain labor, in the same manner exactly as business men contract for the sale of goods that are already in the market or to be manufactured. Literature is more or less a luxury. and the more brilliant it sparkles, the higher its value. News is valueless unless promptly disposed of. Therefore, the more exclusive the news, the larger the price. A journalist who has made a "scoop" ought to be business man enough to get a big price for it. He can let the newspaper which buys have all the glory; and it never fails to take it. That's what it pays for. The reporter wants money for his brains and industry. If he has quite as much tact as talent, he will always (when in harness) be far removed from hunger and the dread of rent-day.

MY FIRST POEM.



WAS nothing but a youthful aspirant for literary fame, and I was as poor as the average young man who imagines that he has a brilliant future before him. I had an idea that if I could only get one of my stories in some great magazine my fortune would be assured; but somehow editors didn't give me

much help in acquiring a reputation as a writer. And when I had fallen hopelessly in love with Nellie May, the wealthy judge's daughter, the only articles that I had had the pleasure of seeing in print over my signature were those published in a few insignificant country weeklies. Thus far my reputation was purely local, and was peculiar only from the fact that it had brought me but little money.

b doubt that Miss May ever suspected that to me she was the fairest of all earth's creatures. I doubt that she at that time ever gave me a thought whose significance was other than ordinary. But I worshiped her in secret, and I prayed that some day I might have wealth and position to offer her with my love.

In country villages and towns, everyone who thinks himself possessed of a talent is expected to step forward on every public occasion to exhibit the fruits of his genius, and then to retire until the next great occasion. I can't, therefore, say that I was surprised when I, in my turn, was requested to display my powers as an author and as an elecutionist.

It all came about through Miss May. One morning the post brought me a dainty, perfumed note from the one whom in my day-dreams I had often pictured as my wife. I treasured the missive fondly and kissed it time and time again. It was the only thing that I had from her hand. But in all my tender devotion there was sadness. "Foolish, foolish boy!" I whispered to myself. "Why think of the impossible?"

Nellie's letter was merely an invitation to call for a few moments on business at her residence. I went that evening. "Mr. Woodruff," said Miss May, "I have been delegated to ask you a favor."

"You do me honor," I replied. "Be sure, however, that I

will do for you anything that is in my power."

"Then," was the mischievous response, "this request will be granted. You see," she continued, "our church is to give an entertainment for the benefit of the poor. I, as chairman of the managing committee, have the pleasure of requesting you to write a poem and to read it in Rigley's Hall."

"But, Miss May, I am not in the habit of writing poetry."

- "Well, you certainly write excellent prose, and I don't see why you are not able to write as good verse. I am sure that you are capable."
- "Just think, though, flatterer, what you ask of me. Why, I never wrote a poem in my life."
- "Then begin at once. Who knows what hidden powers lie within you? Who knows to what height you may yet rise?"

I shook my head sorrowfully.

- "When you, Miss May, have undergone my experience, you will find that this world is cold and uncharitable towards a young man's efforts."
- "Now don't be so gloomy. Dear me! You're as melancholy as though you had gone through the trials of Job; and you're not in the least patient."
- "Well, I'll tell you just how it is; I'll tell you what I've never breathed to anyone else. And don't think that I'm despondent; I'm really resigned to my fate."

"I'm sure that Fate has used you well enough."

"Ah! you don't know; you don't know. It isn't the appearances of a thing that goes to make up the structure; it's the interior—it's the heart. I used to have a high opinion of myself and of my abilities. Contact with the world, constant struggle, bitter failure and comparison of myself with the truly great men have taken all the conceit out of me. I don't know that I now have—I don't know that I ever had—the right to claim even a mediocre position. If you had made this request of me once I am not sure that I would not have thought myself wasting my

genius in granting it. Now," (bitterly,) "I don't feel competent to attempt the suggested undertaking. I fear that I should make a fool of myself."

"But," demurely, "that is impossible."

"Because I am one already?"

"Now you are joking. Well, I'm glad of it; for you've been sober and serious long enough. You'll promise me, won't you? It's so unpleasant you know, to be refused a favor."

"And it is decidedly unpleasant to give a refusal. I will do the best I can."

When the evening of the day appointed for the entertainment rolled around my first poem was finished and the manuscript was in the possession of Judge May, who said that it was a first rate effort. He was right in calling it an effort. As regards its merits I was not so sure that he had spoken truly.

I confess that I was rather nervous as it began to grow dusk that Autumn afternoon. I thought that an hour of quiet musing would do me good. So I sat down by the window and watched the clouds go hurrying by.

"Always constant motion," I thought. "Always progress everywhere. Progress with everything, with everybody, but not with me. Here I am—my life probably half gone—nothing done—all the past a dreary waste. All my work is a failure. A desk full of unfinished novels—a number of incompleted sketches—some half dozen essays: all valueless; all sure to die with their author."

Thus my thoughts ran on; and as the clouds kept speeding by I saw, through a rift above, a shooting star glow for a moment, then disappear forever.

"So sank my hopes long, long ago. So, I fear, will end my life—in sad obscurity."

Just then I glanced at the clock. It was nearing the hour of the entertainment.

"Gracious!" I thought. "I must hurry."

I began to dress rapidly and threw on an old coat which I had worn while doing some painting for my landlady. It was a shabby garment, all daubed with green; but I found it useful in many ways.

J

"I'll just wear this," I said to myself, "while I'm getting the kinks out of my hair."

I was ready at last and started hastily down the dark street. I hadn't gone far when I met Judge May.

"Hurry, Will," he said. "I was just running up to your house to see if you were not coming."

"Am I very late?" I asked.

"No; a mere trifle. Your name's second on the programme, though. Run right up the back stairs and in through the dark entry to the left wing of the stage. You'll be there in time. I have to go in at the front entrance. Success to you!"

"Thanks," I responded as I turned the knob of the door at the rear of the hall. "Many, many thanks."

I stumbled up the staircase until I came to a turn where two flights of steps met at a landing. A feeble gas-jet threw a dim flickering light along the walls of one branch of the stairway.

"He said the dark entry." I mused. "Guess this must be the one."

It was a gloomy place, and I could only grope slowly along till I came to a door through whose chinks fell rays of brilliant light. I peered through and saw that the door opened directly upon the stage. Some young woman was just finishing a recitation. My name was being called.

The girl on the stage made her closing acknowledgment to the audience. There was great applause, then silence. Old Deacon Clarke arose and began to say something.

I heard a loud whisper:

"What! He isn't announcing Mr. Woodruff, is he? Why, doesn't he know that our poet hasn't arrived?"

I felt hot, uncomfortable, desperate. The deacon sat down. The audience seemed impatient.

"Now," I said to myself; "now I'm in for it."

I laid down my hat, smoothed my hair, opened the door and stepped out upon the stage. Before I could get to the footlights, however, there was a roar of laughter. Prentissville people are generally good-mannered, but I don't wonder that they laughed at me on that occasion: I had forgotten to change my coat. A

quick-eyed youngster saw this; saw the shabby garment; saw the green paint. The impulse to yell something was irresistible. He shouted: "Bullfrog!"

I don't know how I broke away from the place. I have wondered since that I did not wither on the spot. I remember eeing two eyes, as I rushed off at the wing, gaze at me sorrowfully, reproachfully. The next morning I was many miles away.

One day, while acting in the capacity of clerk in a book store, I picked up a critical review and was surprised to find it commending me as a poet. The string of verses which I did not recite at Rigley's Hall, had, it seems, been published in a magazine regarded as a high literary standard. Judge May, I surmised, was responsible for this.

Soon afterwards, I received generous offers from editors all over the country. I was in print at last; at last my fame and fortune were assured. And by work, hard work, I reached the height which I so long had coveted; and as years rolled by I went back to my old home in Prentissville to apply for the reward which was, I hoped, awaiting me for that sad blunder, for that happy incident—my first poem.

There were few that knew me on the street. I was vastly older in looks than when I had left the place, and my face was heavily bearded. Many an old acquaintance passed me by with a glance; many a former friend whom I grasped by the hand said that he hardly believed that it was I. But she knew me. She who had pointed out the way to my success in life; she for whom I had all this while cherished in my heart its most true love.

I had a little money—I said—not much. I had a medium position in society, in the world; Fate had been better to me of late than of yore. But back of all I had my love, my life, to offer her. I asked but for hers in return.

"'It is so unpleasant, you know, to be refused anything'" I

"'And,' "she replied, "'it is decidedly unpleasant to give a refusal. I will do the best I can.'"

And that meant that I had won my prize.

WALTER IRVING CLARK.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.

IDEAS AND OPINIONS.

It takes a small amount of type to print a really great record.

Very few newspaper wits will ever be convicted of humor in the first degree.

Many newspaper contributors who set themselves up as oracles, are quickly set down as idiots by discriminating readers.

One of our metropolitan critics notices a poem called "The Tide's Answer," as being written in easy flowing measure.

It is recorded that a Missouri paragrapher headed his column "Tacks," and the managing editor never sat down on it.

Some of the journals that are "too funny for anything," have one-half of their space filled with taffy from papers which are good for nothing.

We all know (or ought to know) that the circulation of a newspaper cannot accurately be determined by the extent of its exchange list.

"We appear to have a press of solid matter this evening," remarked the editor as he hugged his fat sweetheart in the gloaming of an argand burner.

What utter nonsense for the daily papers to speak of Stock Reports! Every child knows the report does not come from the stock, but from the barrel.

Two French editors down in Buenos Ayres (one of whom had just come into a fortune) indulged in a pistol duel. One missed his man and the other fired into the heir.

A New York journal being asked: "Which is the best comic paper in America?" rather artfully replied: "This will ever remain a clear case of mistaken identity."

When a distinguished American journalist was appointed United States Minister to China, one of his jovial contemporaries said: "John Russell Young will hereafter manufacture his own fire-crackers. Let us hope they will be more effective than his squibs."

AN ESTEEMED CONTRIBUTOR.



RANK SIDDALL is a genius. This fact is solid and incontrovertible. Philadelphia is his local habitation, but his name and fame are environed by no pent-up municipality. They belong to the whole country. Why? Because Frank Siddall, having

something good to advertise, blazons its merits only and always in the newspapers. All of Frank Siddall's money has been made in the past ten years, and he has made it by judiciously utilizing the daily and weekly press. On the opposite page is a good likeness of one of the most progressive of America's business men. He believes in the newspapers, and the originality of his advertisements has given him a national publicity. He spells "Dont" without an apostrophe, and he thinks the printer who spells that word any other way is a "CLAM." Frank Siddall has made a fortune from type, and his lavish expenditure in the advertising columns of leading newspapers has repaid him tenfold. He intended that it should. He knew that it would. Frank Siddall is the only man who has run a show without posters. It is well-known that he is the financial backer of a successful Broadway theatre, whose attractions are detailed only in the metropolitan press. His hobby is fast horses. He owns "Westmont" and "Lorraine," also the pacer "Johnston" (the fastest driving horse in the world), which he recently purchased from Commodore Kittson. He has other valuable horses, and his aggregate investment in them is probably one hundred thousand dollars. Frank Siddall is an ardent champion of the Labor Party and a political economist with advanced views on our national finances. highly esteemed in social and business circles. One of his most recent purchases is the finest house on Logan Square, an aristocratic locality in what is known as "Old Philadelphia."

THE JOURNALIST has written of Frank Siddall, not in prosy



biographic vein, but earnestly and solely in relation to what he has done for himself and for the newspapers, through the newspapers. He is a contributor with a history which is here briefly given. It is all true and very creditable to Frank Siddall. What he has legitimately done with printer's ink others can do, and doubtless will do. He has shown them how to do it. Will they follow Frank Siddall's lead?

YE ROMANCE ANTIQUE.



N a tome of rarest letter,
An old book, that told of better
Times, and men and social manners,
Than to-day's cabals and clanners—
Found I, a tedious story
Writ in quaint Italian lore—he
Clothed his fulsome repertoire

Once, in Florence, dwelt a lady;
Young and beautous, prim and staid, he
Leaves his readers to infer—
Since he speaks so scant of her;
Giving to her doughty lover,
Rich and proud and far above her,
Such loud praise, it seems to cover
All the graces of Signor.

Dull as prose could con it o'er.

This, and twenty chapters more, Made the yarn "a perfect bore."

ERRATIC ENRIQUE.

WHAT OUR FRIENDS THINK.

The array of literary and artistic contributors is a marvel of journalism.—Boston Pilot.

Under the editorship of Mr. Allan Forman, The JOURNALIST has achieved its true mission. It is a help to every newspaper worker, and the fraternity throughout the country owes the pleasant periodical a warm and hearty support.—New York World.

THE JOURNALIST received many congratulations on the excellence of the Christmas number. It is indeed a very interesting publication.—New York Sun.

If there is a journalist who doesn't like THE JOURNALIST he misses the best part of the journalistic entertainment of the week, and he ought to be kicked.—Judge.

The best paper of its kind ever published.—Texas Siftings.

THE JOURNALIST is a capital paper. It has a field of its own and fills that field admirably.—New York Mirror.

THE JOURNALIST.—The issue of a "Holiday" edition of this paper is very welcome. It is especially the newspaper of journalists, and contains in every number much information concerning the profession which cannot be found in the daily paper. This issue is particularly rich in portraits of leading journalists, both men and women, and appeals to all who use the pen in the daily journals. There is almost an embarrassment of riches. If Mr. Forman will make every number as high-toned and readable as this issue is, he will greatly increase his circulation among those of the profession who are zealous for its honor.— Boston Herald.

THE JOURNALIST is printed mainly as a convenient exchange and rendezvous for writers and editors. It is ably managed, and keeps itself above scandals and sensations, on a high level of amicable intercourse. A good many others besides periodical writers and authors find in it much that is interesting and valuable, as all the best journalists in the country contribute to its pages.—Washington Post.

EXCELLENCE OF THE CHRISTMAS JOURNALIST.—Discounting the colored plates and beautiful illustrations of the holiday publications, and judged purely from a stand-point of literary excellence, the Christmas number of THE JOURNALIST is by far the best of them all. These are some

of the men famous in the newspaper and magazine world whose pens have helped to fill its columns with bright, short stories that awaken tender chords in the heart of every journalist in the land: Colonel John A. Cockerill, whose brains make the World move, in his modest way relates his introduction into newspaperdom as a type-sticker on the Temperance Scion; Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer, who was a reporter once, has contributed his portrait and an autographic sentiment that graces the front page; Julian Ralph is a sample Sun beam; and Wong Chin Foo, the Chinese reporter, pours out his aromatic sentiments in the confessions of a Celestial. These are some of the other writers: Congressman Amos Cummings, John A. Greene, Henry Clay Lukens ["Erratic Enrique"], J. W. Keller, the dramatist; Oscanyan Effendi, John R. Sever, and Joe Howard. The Journalist at twenty-five cents is the cheapest thing in the market.—New York Star.

No publication in the country deserves more credit than THE JOURNALIST. It is pure and elevated in tone, and its influence on American journalism is of marked elevation. Allan Forman, the editor, is an accomplished and high-minded gentleman, whose writings produce thought instead of blushes. We have never seen anything in THE JOURNALIST that could not, with the utmost propriety, be read in the presence of any company. Certain writers who fancy that roughness of expression is wit and who think that obscenity is humor, should read this refined publication. The holiday edition of THE JOURNALIST presents the finest collection of newspaper literature ever collected in this country.—Arkansaw Traveler.

The New York JOURNALIST continues to be a delight to the newspaper men of the whole country.—Grand Rapids Telegram-Herald.

One of the youngest editors on the press is Allan Forman, editor of The Journalist. He has given great promise of reaching that pinnacle on which every newspaper man has an eye. The Journalist was started in 1884, by Messrs. Byrne and Richardson, and a year later Mr. Forman became its sole proprietor. Mr. Forman shows his ability in every page of The Journalist, and as evidence of his wisdom he has drawn to his assistance that of the prince of the press, H. Clay Lukens.—Whitehall Times.

The Christmas number of The Journalist is out, and it is a very pretty edition, well worthy of the attention that has been bestowed upon it by Mr. Allan Forman, the editor, and his assistants. No newspaper office can afford to be without a copy, and while Mr. Forman does not think it wise or find it profitable to run an exchange list, the price of his periodical is so low that even newspaper men can afford to take it regularly.—Brooklyn Citizen.

There is a little weekly paper published in this city called THE JOUR-WALLST, which seems fairly supported. Its editor, a young man named Allan Forman, was asked concerning the patronage of the paper. "From what class does its patronage come?" he repeated; "from journalists chiefly. I meet many journalists who tell me that journalists do not buy newspapers. Now my observation has been the exact opposite; I find that no class of people buy so many papers as newspaper men." My own experience has been the same. I asked, "Is it for that reason you publish that you do not exchange with any paper." "Precisely," he answered, and the sagacity of the resolution was evident. Such a paper can be made interesting without being scurrilous; and the Fourth Estate needs and can support a good organ of the kind.—"
New York Tribune.

Continued success and prosperity is no more than THE JOURNALIST deserves, and no more than the least or greatest among us should heartily wish it. It has reached a point of excellence where it would be hard for the members of the profession to part with it.—Frederick (Md.) Daily News.

Allan Forman's management of THE JOURNALIST has been eminently successful. Mr. Lukens, his associate, is a man of rare attainments in journalistic pursuits. Time was when THE JOURNALIST was an organ. It is a newspaper now.—Kingston Daily Freeman.

THE JOUENALIST, devoted to newspaper men, authors, artists and publishers, is sent out from New York, as bright and clean a paper as was ever printed. Its interests being confined to the craft, which is furnishing journals for every other trade, should make it a part of every journalist's literature.—McGregor (Iowa) News.

We are glad to observe that THE JOURNALIST forcibly and persistently urges the cause of good manners and good morals in newspapers, on grounds both of principle and policy. THE JOURNALIST is a newspaper which is read almost exclusively by newspaper men, and for this reason its advocacy has peculiar value.—New York Evening Post.

THE JOURNALIST, of New York, edited by Allan Forman, is the only success of its kind published. It is a very interesting paper and ably conducted.—Buffalo Evening News.

THE JOURNALIST is an invaluable publication to newspaper men, and is a treat for other people who want to know everything about them.—

Pittsburg Bulletin.

Allan Forman, the talented editor of THE JOURNALIST, was a student in Williams College. He is one of the brightest of the young journalists of New York, and is making a paper that every newspaper man in the land ought to be hungry for.—North Adams Sunday Express.

"MORAL: INSURE IN THE TRAVELERS."



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ACCIDENT POLICIES, only \$5 per year to Professional and Business men, for each \$1000 with \$5 Weekly Indem'ty.

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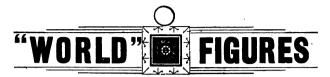
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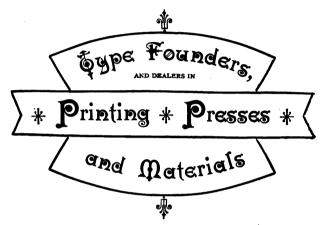
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ESSRS. BENJAMIN & BELL announce the publication, in June, of a collection of dainty Vers de Société, under the title of "Society Verse by American Writers," selected by Ernest De Lancey Pierson.

This volume is the first representative collection of light verse ever published in this country, and includes the choicest lyrics and refined humorous poems which have appeared in recent years.

Many poems in this collection have never been published before, and the contributions are by such writers as Thomas Bailey Aldrich, H. C. Bunner, Walter Learned, Helen Gray Cone, Samuel Minturn Peck, W. J. Henderson, Bessie Chandler, and forty others.

The book will be artistically bound in limp cloth, gilt tops, uncut. Printed on hand-made paper by the DeVinne press. 16mo. Price \$1.50.

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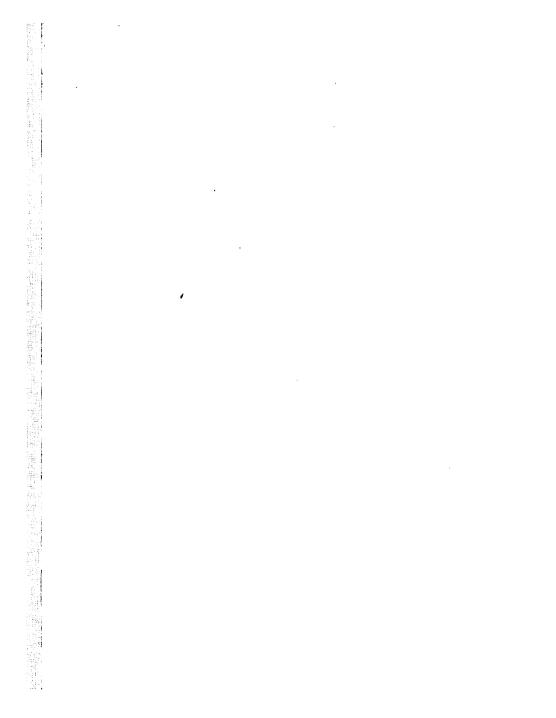
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